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NOTES OF THE WEEK

HERE is a general impression abroad that the Government is stronger in the House of Commons now than at the beginning of the session. That is, I think, correct, but it is what the philosophers call a relative, not an absolute truth. The fact is not that the Government is stronger, but that the Liberals are weaker. In spite of monthly—or is it weekly?—feasts of reconciliation, the party remains hopelessly split, and not even the prospect of a fight over Protection has restored its spirits or its amity.

The unhappy Liberal Party has decided not to vote against the Coal Bill on account of the Naval Conference. Unfortunately for the reason given, the Naval Conference was already in prospect when Mr. Lloyd George made his remarkable attack on the Bill in Parliament, and the Naval Conference was actually in session when the party voted against the Bill previously in the House. The Naval Conference has no more to do with this

volte-face than the man in the moon; the short English of the business is that the Liberals don't want an election, and have therefore decided to abstain from voting.

We have all heard that there are times when the bravest thing is to run away, and there is eminent authority for the proposition that men should flee temptation. But even in a world of shams, it is sometimes wise to give the real reason, if only to avoid making yourself ridiculous; and the Liberal tactics on this measure have simply reduced their own credit without hurting the Government. Dogs that bark but do not bite are a nuisance, hardly a menace.

The Liberals obviously do not want a General Election, at any rate until the late autumn. Then why not say so? There is something to be said for giving the Government a clear run through the session. But to saddle the Naval Conference with responsibility, a decision which all the world knows is due to the persistent split in the Liberal camp, is simply absurd, and bound to harm the party in the constituencies.

MOTOR—WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT—FIRE, etc.

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The debate on the Beaverbrook-Baldwin Pact continues in the Tory Party as puzzling a riddle for the quidnuncs as that of the two serpents each of which started to swallow the other by the tail at the same moment. It seems to be assumed that the harmless English Safety First specimen has gripped the Canadian Crusader and will presently digest him, policy, referendum and all. On the whole I doubt this popular theory. Lord Beaverbrook is likely to be as active within the party as without; and, on one condition, a greater force within the party than without.

That one condition is, that he is not associated with Lord Rothermere. Men will listen to Lord Beaverbrook, because he stands on the platform and says exactly what he thinks; they will not follow Lord Rothermere, partly because he does not appear in person either in the House of Lords or on the platform, and partly because his policy is a very different affair. He believes in Fascism, the Geddes Axe, and other things which have no relation to the Empire Crusade, and the country does not. The result is that Lord Beaverbrook is a political force, Lord Rothermere is not.

Lord Balfour's desire to be buried on his own estates recalls the variety of attitudes statesmen have adopted towards sepulture in Westminster Abbey. Bonar Law, a Presbyterian, and Gladstone, a convinced Anglican, both rest in the Abbey alongside the Pitts, Peel and Palmerston—Anglicans all of the Erastian type. Disraeli preferred a country church, and both Salisbury and Lord John Russell chose to lie with their ancestors rather than in the Abbey.

Gladstone placed a high symbolic value on sepulture at Westminster, and was rather scandalized that it was not at once offered in the case of Palmerston until he had himself moved in the matter. The G.O.M. hated Pam, but he had a sense of value and justice, and held that the dead Prime Minister was entitled to the last and greatest honour. It is curious that on this, as on so many larger questions, Queen Victoria would have disagreed with Gladstone: for she thought the Abbey a cold and gloomy place, which nobody would attend except from a sense of duty.

Lord Passfield has cut a sorry figure in his efforts to fight a rear-guard action over the West Indies before Mr. Snowden is ready to deliver his Budget frontal attack. Why has the Olivier report not been published? The West Indies paid for the mission, and with all their interests involved, they are entitled to know their fate. Mr. Snowden's sensitive official soul is horrified at any anticipation of the Budget. Is not the real secret that Lord Olivier, with his well-known predilections, was sent out in the assurance that he would curse, and like a honest man, has blessed. Preference must continue or there must be a subsidy. Is that not the upshot of his report? To keep the West Indies in suspense is sheer brutality bred of smug dogma.

One touch of the vision of a Stamford Raffles, who gave Britain Singapore, would have saved the Government from the egregious folly of inter-

ferring with work on the base. As for the idea of its complete abandonment, that can never be, unless we would lock, bolt and bar the door against all development in the Far East. Apart from the fact that the base is essential to naval mobility in the Pacific, there is the certainty that with the increase in the size of mercantile liners, some such accommodation will be vital to commerce. Abandonment would not mean economy. What of the contributions made to the cost by Malaya, Hong Kong, Australia and New Zealand on the strength of confidence in our good faith? Abandon the Singapore Base and, in decency, we should have to return these very substantial sums. Everything would be lost, nothing gained.

The report of the Committee on the economic prospects of the Channel Tunnel was a surprisingly weak and inconclusive document. The military fears of the tunnel have always seemed to me as foolish as the landman's fear of the sea crossing; but if this is the best that can be said for the traffic prospects, the Channel Tunnel Company shall not have sixpence of mine. The prospect of increasing goods traffic seems to amount to very little; and tunnel or no tunnel, French tourists prefer their own country to ours. We may regret it, but facts are facts.

Opinions will differ as to the success or failure of General Primo de Rivera, who died suddenly in Paris on Sunday, as Spanish Dictator. He was a soldier, but his methods were less drastic than those of Mussolini, who is a civilian; on the other hand, he had a less serious situation to contend with in Spain than his exemplar in Italy. It is conceded that he improved conditions in the Peninsula, but the position since his retirement has been too obscure for final judgment to be passed on his work.

It is odd that Spain should show signs of reverting to Constitutional methods at the very time when Mr. Lloyd George is indicating the Parliamentary system as all talk and no wool. The point behind the Liberal leader's remark (in an article in the *Daily Express*) was presumably that he was himself virtually dictator for six years, and he believes he could solve the problem of the State if he were dictator again. Whatever the truth of that, a leader who cannot unite his own party is not likely to unite all the parties in following him.

But the thing cuts deeper than that. Under a three-party system public liberty is safe, because any Government is a minority Government which can be turned out any day. But liberty has to be paid for, and its price is that the executive can do very little. A minority Cabinet is in effect a committee of caretakers, whose chief business it is to stop where they are until a firm offer comes along from more solid tenants.

The pother about broadcasting religious services on Sunday evenings seems to have broken out again. It is difficult to understand the type that is always agitating over this particular matter, for if religion has any meaning for the world at all,

an hour a week can hardly be considered excessive, and the B.B.C., so far as one can see, judiciously varies its denominations and churches week by week. The standard of music naturally varies a good deal, but on the whole it maintains a fair average, and is sometimes very fine indeed.

Perhaps the real trouble, as usual, is the sermon. In the ordinary laws of probability, the actuarial chance of the next sermon anywhere and at any time being a bad one is probably of the order of a thousand to one; and the B.B.C. cannot expect to escape the bad preacher. But after all, it is easier to switch off at home than to walk out of church when the sermon is more than usually anaemic; and it is only fair to say that I once heard, quite by chance, a really good one, both in style and substance.

The voice had none of the clerical twang that makes the ordinary layman see red, the man behind the voice talked plain common-sense without frills, and made me realize, for the first time for ten or twenty years, that preaching is not quite a lost art. I had no idea at the time who it was, but a reference to the programme showed it to be Canon Elliott; and he and the Dean of Chester are the only two whom one has ever felt one would like to hear again. It would probably be sound policy for the B.B.C. to constitute the Canon a sort of Bishop in *partibus Radiopolis* to license their fellow clergy to preach.

When I asked a week ago whether there was any case of an innocent man being hanged, I had not assumed that Lord Darling would so soon reply that it was impossible. His reasons—three judges, a jury, and the Home Office in the background—are sufficiently cogent; in these days, at any rate, it seems out of the question. But as a matter of history it would be interesting if some expert criminologist would tell us of any case in the past where a man has been hanged whose innocence was subsequently proved. That is really the heart of the capital punishment problem.

The Press is sometimes accused of exaggeration, but it seems, if anything, to have underestimated the amount of damage done by the recent floods in France. Nothing that I had read in the newspapers of the wreckage of houses and villages had prepared me for the almost wholesale disasters shown on the films this week in London. This country happily escaped the storm, but we can at least sympathize heartily with our unfortunate neighbours across the Channel.

Sir Conan Doyle's resignation from the Psychical Research Society hardly seems to be justified. Admittedly, the Society has always been critical in its approach to phenomena, while Sir Conan has always been a little credulous. In this difficult field of research there is, as a matter of fact, room for both attitudes, and each should correct the other. But when the author joined the Society he knew its constitution, and he can hardly have expected it to change its attitude.

He is entitled to believe what he likes as an individual; the Society, as a corporate body, is compelled to try all things, and to believe only

what is proved. If his proofs are not sufficient, he should endeavour to make them so; but he could have done that as easily within the Society as without. To claim that the Society has done nothing for Psychical Research in thirty or forty years is, I fear, the petulance of a sick man.

The increase in unemployment figures in the current week has again falsified the recent prediction of Mr. Thomas, that we were at the bottom of the basket. Even making allowance for the fact that his schemes take time to fructify, there seems no sufficient reason for this steady rise. It can only mean that all enterprise is restricted to the minimum until business knows what is in the Budget, and Mr. Snowden's speech last week has not improved matters.

The figures will probably go from bad to worse during the next few weeks, and there is no indication whatever that Mr. Snowden will do anything to relieve the situation when he introduces his Finance Bill in a month's time. His motto is to damn the employers for the nervousness which he has himself caused. It will not do.

In the name of economy we have an Army that is not allowed to manoeuvre, a Navy that is not allowed to fire its guns, and now an Air Force that is not allowed to fly high. These things probably save a few thousand pounds. But at the same time we are losing millions through Mr. Snowden's virulent obstinacy. Mr. Thomas is not getting a fair run for his money.

Mr. T. J. O'Connor's ideas on Imperial reconstruction, as laid before the Royal Empire Society, were refreshing and crystallizing. He suggested as the most pressing need of the moment the formation of an Imperial Economic General Staff, composed of experts from all parts of the Empire. That appeals to business men; it is down for consideration by the Chambers of Commerce Congress and the Imperial Conference this year. It ought to have been embodied in the Government's newly created Economic Advisory Committee. Mr. O'Connor frankly asked why the Dominion representatives who now go to Geneva should not be more profitably employed in London, dealing, with unrivalled authority, with Empire development. As he said, we have already achieved in the Empire standards of life and conditions of labour which other nations, the United States apart, are only now beginning to talk about.

The English climate, as if ashamed of its regular behaviour in 1929, has returned to its normal abnormality in 1930. As usual, we had spring before winter last month; on Monday there was summer in the air on the East Coast, while it was snowing in Birmingham and Sussex. However much we may dislike this collection of samples as before, the doctors tell me it is extraordinarily healthy weather. The peak-load of the medical year is usually mid-February, but this year medicine has shared the prevalent slump, and I am told that even the undertakers are complaining.

A. J. B.

HE died a gartered Earl and no man more fully deserved his honours. Yet politicians showed a sure instinct in continuing to speak of him by his initials. The abbreviation, full of affection but falling short of the intimacy which permits the use of a Christian name, exactly reflected his place in the public regard. His countrymen were proud of him; they recognized his unique quality and made generous allowance for its whimsicalities; long before the end their appreciation of his public service made them revere him as a national institution. Yet they were never quite at home with him. There was in him something aloof, something formidable and almost contemptuous, an ingredient of character all the more disconcerting because it occurred in so lovable a man. Asserted too emphatically, it overwhelmed everything else and provoked an exasperation so intense that it prevailed even with his Manchester constituents. There were moments when he aroused a hatred which only Chamberlain, among his contemporaries, could normally stimulate; but with this difference, that nobody could be angry with him for long.

He was born into the flood-tide of mid-Victorian individualism and giving, as was his wont, a purely personal twist to the ideas about him, became the outstanding individualist of his period. To say that it was second nature with him to do the unexpected thing would be to do him an injustice. It was his whole nature. "Subtlety," he once remarked to a friend in a phrase which reveals both his strength and his weakness in the eyes of the ordinary man, "is necessary for high politics." To a man of his temperament it was no less necessary for the conduct of life. He found the obvious dull to the point of repulsion. He therefore allowed his own destiny to be determined by considerations so subtle that they were as incomprehensible to the ordinary mind as they were fascinating to his own.

Thus, he entered Parliament because there seemed nothing else for a dilettante intellectual to do, and became one of the outstanding Parliamentarians in our history. He took exercise to keep himself fit and, by popularizing a new game, destroyed the dominant "team-spirit" theory of sport and remodelled the recreations of Englishmen into harmony with his own individualism. Of all the politicians, he was most in sympathy with the progressive spirit and the general movement of ideas, yet he gave the best years of his political life to the defence of two institutions obviously past hope—Dublin Castle and the House of Lords. He rose to be Prime Minister and to lead a great party, but it was after he had reverted to the detached status of private member that he accepted the opportunity to do his chief constructive official work. He gave forty years to the niceties of domestic politics, but in the evening of his days he set the tone of our relations with America, helped to remodel the map of Europe and defined the terms on which the British Empire could develop. To the observer, such a career is one huge paradox; we may even be sure that its strange starts and turns will bewilder the biographer with all the material before him; but to its own architect it was undoubtedly of one wholly logical piece.

His position in thought is equally hard of assessment. Certainly he was true to himself when he surprised and rather shocked an age of the most dogmatic self-confidence by his acute and most subtle defence of scepticism. It may even be that he surprised himself when, on searching for the positive side to his formidable critical faculty, he discovered—and revealed to the world, first in his 'Foundations of Belief' and afterwards in his Gifford Lectures—something not very different from Public School religion. Posterity, if it judges him by his published work, can hardly fail to count as his chief contribution to thought his negative service of shaking the Victorians out of their complacency; but we, who know the temper of his period, perceive that he accomplished something far more subtle than that. It was one of the strangest features of his strange character that while in all the more obvious processes of thought he was at an almost infinite distance from the average man, he stood very close to him indeed in the fundamental matter of faith and morals. It therefore counted for a great deal that a man who in matters of belief was orthodox almost to the point of conventionality, could find himself on comfortable terms with all the ideas of that period of revolutionary thought whose limits are marked by Darwin at one end and Freud at the other. If to our more tolerant, synthetizing minds the exacerbated antagonisms of the 'sixties have become grotesque, the change in opinion is due in no small measure to the example and quiet, lofty intellectual courage of Arthur Balfour.

His form and presence have been preserved in innumerable photographs, but later generations will doubtless gather their impressions from the Sargent portrait. They will easily infer from it the air of intellectual distinction which encompassed him, and will readily associate with it the exquisitely mellow voice and the mode of speech which, embarking on the uncharted ocean of a sentence, brought it after multitudinous parentheses to a perfectly turned conclusion. But, looking at the portrait, later-day students will wonder that his steely quality could ever surprise. Sargent has brought out something that was in his character, but that ordinary eyes could not observe in his features—a certain chill intellectual obstinacy which enabled him to break without a tremor with a man like George Wyndham, whom he held in real affection, and to receive with apparent indifference the resignation of the leading members of his Cabinet.

His personality will continue to fascinate so long as biographies are written and read. Its charm may even obscure the significance of his constructive achievement. Time has yet to show whether his device of substituting the referendum for the House of Lords as a check on the representative assembly is congenial to British constitutional thought. But two things he did which will secure him a more than insular immortality. It was he who, by his establishment of the Committee of Imperial Defence, equipped Britain with the means of defeating the plans of the German General Staff; and it was he who, reversing a current of history which had flowed for more than 2,000 years, turned into fact the cherished visionary hope of the Jewish people.

FRANCE AND THE CONFERENCE

THE fact that M. Tardieu dare not leave Paris while the Chamber is sitting does not merely retard the pace of the Naval Conference. It is more than likely to have a decisive effect upon its outcome. A Government maintained in office by a precarious Coalition is in no state to change the whole temper of its foreign policy, where even the mere charge of vacillation may involve its immediate downfall. It is, of course, true that persistence in the present course may eventually weaken France's position in the world at large. But a regrouping of the powers is an affair of years, whereas a regrouping of parties in the Chamber of Deputies may take place between to-day and to-morrow.

On merely technical grounds, then, M. Tardieu may be expected to stand by the important memorandum on policy in which France announced her acceptance of the London Government's invitation; but we should be doing him an injustice if we suggested that mere tactics would determine his attitude. He is the head of a Cabinet of Republican concentration and is therefore bound by the necessities of his position to uphold the principle of Republican foreign policy. That principle is one of constant preparation for war. We must not allow ourselves to forget that the Third Republic was proclaimed on the morrow of Sedan, that its first and only purpose was to extract victory out of defeat; that its initial failure only made it pursue its object the more tenaciously for more than forty years, and that having at last succeeded, its present business is to consolidate its gains. No Frenchman, and above all no Republican Frenchman, can be expected to break his traditional habits of thought, or to conceive of foreign policy, except in terms of alliances in a possible war.

Our own traditional habits are very different. War, as we think of it, is an evil which does not come near England; even the air-raids which once shook us out of our complacency are now becoming a dim, exceptional memory. Moreover, we have lately been at great and legitimate pains to appreciate the attitude of the United States and have there found a public opinion which gives an emphatic assent to our own.

It ought not to have come as a shock to us to find that France does not view the situation through Anglo-American spectacles. Thinking as she always must, in terms of power, she argues that the two chief oceanic States have agreed to share sea-supremacy between them, and are now concerned to maintain it at the minimum of cost. That, as she sees it, is a game in which she cannot be expected to take part. After all, she too is a world-power; although she cannot make her position at sea secure beyond all challenge, she can at least make her navy worthy of a scheme of general armaments calculated to intimidate any aggressor. These considerations have inspired the statement of her "absolute needs" in her memorandum, just as, in detail, they are responsible for her uncompromising refusal to abandon the submarine.

British opinion has paid little attention to this aspect of the French case. Very naturally it has been more immediately concerned with France's

readiness to discard a portion of her armaments in return for guarantees from other Powers that they and all their forces will stand by her if she is attacked. Accordingly, we see France as the centre of a system of European alliances, to which we ourselves are somewhat loosely attached by the Locarno Treaties, and, in consequence, perpetually wound French opinion by treating France as a Continental power as distinguished from the world-powers—ourselves, the United States and, at a respectful distance, Japan.

There is more in the British point of view than the French are prepared to admit. It is beyond all doubt that her security depends first and foremost on her relations with her greatest neighbours, Germany and Italy. If, by her pre-occupation with the next war, she throws these two into each other's arms, much as Germany, under similar conditions, united France and Russia, the average Frenchman will cease to sleep soundly in his bed. But there is also fundamental truth in the French thesis. Our planet cannot be sharply divided off into a cantankerous bellicose Europe on the one side, and a peace-loving mainly Anglo-American outside world on the other. Nor can naval armaments be treated wholly as a class by themselves irrespective of armies and air-forces.

But the more we concede to the French view that the world is one, and that war, whatever weapons it uses, is also one, the more urgent is it for us to decide whether we can endorse the French attitude to the problem thus presented. For France, the choice, as dictated to her by her past experience, is simple enough—either such armaments as shall amply suffice to keep all danger at a distance, or a system of alliances supported by armaments reduced, indeed, but still so strong as to make each ally feel France to be an asset rather than a liability. The latter arrangement makes the more powerful appeal to the ingenious and masterful French intellect. When Paris controls the diplomacy of half the whole world, Paris can hold its own even against London and Washington combined.

It is, in our view, false reasoning for France to argue that she was saved, though at fearful cost to herself, by her alliances in 1914, and that she is but strengthening the weak points in her old, tried diplomacy. Our answer is that it is no longer 1914. Treaties have been signed in the belief that peace can be preserved, not that it will be broken. France herself, we may grant, has signed them on the ground that the forces which must be used to vindicate peace if broken can also be used to guard it against attack. But in these treaties, and above all, of course, in the pact against war, there is also embodied the principle that peace can be maintained by agreement and not by force. The French mind, working with its accustomed logic, has now brought out the contradiction between these two principles. The choice must be made between them, and British opinion is firmly for the way of agreement. Indeed, the Conference now in session owes its assembly to the doctrine, successfully applied in our negotiations with America, that a nation's armaments are matters for international discussion and therefore of international judgment. From the beginning France has challenged this view. If she maintains her attitude, the Conference will fail.

THE DESPERATE PLIGHT OF ARABLE FARMING

BY CLOUDESLEY BRERETON

TO many persons who do not know the difference between a swede and a turnip, all farming is the same. There are, however, many different kinds, dairy-farming, sheep-rearing, stock-grazing, and arable; there is also the market-garden variety, in which fruit and vegetables for the big urban centres are produced on a large scale. Their woes are clamant and they have suffered severely from extensive dumping from Holland and Spain. The present article, however, will deal with the plight of the arable farmer, because if the fruit and vegetable producers are passing through a bad time, the producer of corn in this country is literally under sentence of death.

The situation is a complex one. Wages are fixed by Boards apparently according to the laudable idea of maintaining a certain standard of living. And, in fact, no one can say that when merely compared with those of workmen in any other skilled trade they are really adequate. Compared, for instance, with the bloated wages of the virtually unskilled road-sweeper in some places (£4 a week), they are disgracefully low. Unfortunately, however, the prices the farmer receives for his produce are not regulated by the State, but by the iron laws of supply and demand, intensified by the action of rings of dealers, butchers and bakers at home, and by the fact that the whole world is suffering from an over-production of cereals, while by a paradox many of its peoples are suffering from under-consumption.

The present highly organized rings of butchers, bakers and the like is one of the unfortunate legacies we have inherited from the war. In order to ensure a proper distribution of food for the population, these former rivals in the bread and meat trade were brought together, and rightly brought together, to organize our food supply, which, be it said, they certainly did with very fair efficiency. Unfortunately through their becoming better acquainted, they learned the blessings of combination as against cut-throat competition and have bled the producer and consumer ever since. Two instances must suffice. The farmer to-day gets less than a halfpenny a pound for his oats, which are retailed to the public for porridge at 4d. a pound. Again, if after months of intensified feeding a farmer gets for a bullock (say) £27, the butcher has only to transform it into meat and offal in order immediately to net at least another £12 and probably more. Meanwhile the Food Control Council appear to be completely impotent.

As for the world's over-production of wheat and barley, it has led to a regular avalanche of corn being let loose on this country, being the last free-trade country left, though the "ring-masters" are far from allowing the public to get the benefit. What is still worse is that in the case of France and Germany a bounty on export has been given in a direct or indirect fashion of 12s. a quarter on wheat and oats dumped down on this country. The individual British farmer is therefore competing, not against other individuals or even trusts and rings, but against organized Governments. The State purses of Germany and of France are being put in the balance against him. No wonder he is kicking the beam, or rather the bucket.

Were it not for the fact that sugar-beet has been a paying proposition, for which we have to thank Mr. Noel Buxton's subsidy, the arable farmer would have succumbed before, but the demand of the present factories for sugar-beet appears to have reached saturation point, and thus, with the losses on cereals being so prodigious, the average farmer must either throw

up the sponge or lay down his land in grass, which from the nature of the soil is not always possible.

Naturally, the landlords are threatened with a similar fate. Here is one case which is typical of many: A farm of 500 acres is let for 10s. an acre with a tithe on it of 7s. an acre; the landlord, in order to let, has further contracted to pay for new buildings and accommodation at least £150. This leaves him with no rent for two years, with repairs and taxes to meet in addition. In this case the tenant will probably pay his rent. In many cases it is doubtful if he can, and in some he will certainly be unable to pay any. If the land finally goes down to prairie grass, the rent will fall further, but the tithe will remain.

Landlords, however, may not get much sympathy outside the circle of *SATURDAY REVIEW* readers, but possibly, when they have been wiped out, some of their virtues may be remembered.

The most terrible thing of all is the inevitable break-up of village life. Even now farmers are dismissing labourers wholesale. But let no complacent "townee," to whom the "sacking" of factory hands when times are slack comes as a matter of course, think it is quite the same thing in the country, where everyone knows everyone. Broadly speaking, in spite of possible differences in politics, there is more than a cash-nexus between the average farmer and his men. Those of us who have had to dismiss first-rate labourers for no fault of their own feel a lump rise in our throats when we meet them on the highway trying to get work under the County Council, and if they are lucky enough to get it they are earning only two-thirds at most of what they earned before. It is heart-breaking to all concerned.

And this is only the beginning. Another year of these ruinous prices, with our corn crop only bringing in from two-thirds to a half of what it did a year ago, and this in a year when crops have been exceptionally good—can only mean the wholesale adoption of prairie farming, with four or five men to take the place of fourteen or fifteen. The latifundia of Rome and the sheep-walks of Henry VII will be reproduced in this land of deserted villages. The desolation of the country-side will be the price that our benighted free-traders will pay to secure international peace and good will. The arable farmer is to be butchered to make a tariff holiday.

Other countries have already awoken to the gravity of the crisis. Canada has had a Central Board for wheat-selling for more than a year. America has granted many millions of State money to establish a similar one. Is England alone going to remain supine? At present the only creatures in this country who are benefiting from the situation are the pigs and cattle who are living on the fat of the land, for the farmer loses less by consuming his own corn on the place than by trying to sell it.

All parties are concerned. Is Labour going to see the labourer driven off the land to swell the ranks of unemployment because the produce of his hands is undersold by the produce of labour living under worse conditions of life and backed by State money? What does that stern unbending Poincaré of English politics, Mr. Snowden, think? If his free-trade doctrines prevent his interfering with foreign dumping, he might at least get the Cabinet to make the Food Control Council a real body to restrain the shameful profiteering of the middle-man. And the Conservatives? Thanks to the plentiful ginger administered by Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere they look like going into this question of under-selling from abroad. But the arable farmer asks: Is it impossible to lift the case out of the cockpit of current politics and get a grand enquiry into the matter by all political parties? But the consultation will have to be a speedy one, or else the enquiry will end in an inquest, for the arable farmer will be extinct.

THE NEW PLANET

By A. WYATT TILBY

THE discovery of a new planet was not altogether unexpected. Certain perturbations in the motion of Uranus had long since suggested the possibility of this remote Perdita of the skies, and the late Professor Lowell had indicated its probable position. Death cheated him of the actual verification, but the honour is his, for the new body was found close to the spot he had predicted.

As yet, of course, little is known of this new world beyond the bare fact of its existence. It is believed to be larger than the earth, but it is uncertain whether it has one moon, like ourselves and Neptune, several moons like Jupiter and Saturn, or no moon at all like Mercury and Venus. This, no doubt, will be ascertained in time, and many an amateur astronomer will turn his telescope in the direction of the distant speck with the hope of seeing an attendant satellite, like Galileo with the moons of Jupiter. The distance is, however, more than double that of Jupiter and the size, in any event, considerably less than that giant of our system, so that the amateur's chance of picking up such an unconsidered trifle as a hypothetical moon belonging to this farthest known of the planets is small.

Life in any sense known or conceivable is impossible on this distant world. Life depends on light, heat, water and air; and Perdita—if we may provisionally so call the new addition to the solar system—receives little more light from the sun than we obtain from Sirius; its brightest daylight can be no more brilliant than our clear winter nights without a moon. The sun being between five and six light-hours distant, heat is unknown; if water exists, it must always be frozen as solid as rock, and the highest surface temperature must be far below that at which Sir J. Bose has demonstrated that life on earth ceases to exist. In these conditions it is of little practical importance whether the new planet has an atmosphere or not.

The fact is one more reminder of the extreme insignificance of life in our solar system. Of nine planets and some twenty odd satellites, life certainly exists on one, possibly two or three, not more; the conditions in which life of any sort can begin, let alone persist, seem completely impossible outside Venus, Earth and Mars.

We may speculate, if we like, on the possibility of "life in the stars"—an attractive rather than convincing book with that title was published two or three years ago—but the fact is that we do not know enough about it to say one way or the other. In the stars themselves, indeed, there can be no life; but the large bodies that attend so many of the stars in binary systems are at least comparable to planets, and there is no particular reason why life of some sort should not exist on some of them. On the other hand, there is no particular reason why it should.

Life is everything, or nearly everything, to us, but its local importance distorts our judgment. On a larger view it is a by-product, a mere minor detail, of some greater cosmic process which carries on serenely indifferent to our interests or ambitions. The fact should give pause to those who are inclined to welcome the attractive vitalist systems of Bosanquet, Lloyd Morgan and other writers who build a whole philosophical theory of the universe on a mere local and superficial peculiarity. If the cosmos has a purpose, that purpose can hardly be the production of life. There must be some relevant relation between factory and output. If the essential product is so small a part of its total activities, the business must need rationalizing.

THE POETRY OF D. H. LAWRENCE

By JOHN PIPER

AFORTNIGHT after the death of D. H. Lawrence a little book of his poems, 'Nettles,' comes to us, in which, says the wrapper, "Mr. Lawrence continues his attack on Modern Society... in a series of short satirical poems."* Truth to tell, it is a rather bad-tempered little book and one which will in no way add to its author's reputation. Some of the old fire is there, certainly, and all the passionate sincerity of feeling without which Lawrence never wrote. But it is a soured sincerity; the sincerity of a man who realized beforehand that he was stamping his foot in vain; that he was sowing the ground more and more thickly as he came more and more to realize how stony it was. But it is not a fanatical and blind attack, however exaggerated:

He cut me very dead
but then he turned and said :
I feel you're off your head
thus to greet
in the street
a member of the British Public; don't you see
the policeman on his beat?
Well, he's there protecting me!

Doggerel it may be: but very poignant doggerel. No amount of police and British Public in themselves can turn a man inwards so poignantly and so permanently as D. H. Lawrence was turned into himself towards the end of his life. His own tormentor was himself; or, perhaps, something within himself which he carried with him through his life, and fought strongly and vainly against, fleeing from it to every continent, finally to die still fighting against it. Whatever physically may have killed him, he died from this conflict waged within him. He had a sense of evil in the world and a loathing of bullying; and yet a feeling that without bullying nothing could be done. He had a sense (an exaggeration, perhaps) of the importance of sex and virility: and then illness, and a feeling of individual man's negligible power. It was not so much one conflict as a series of conflicts burning inside him, and at times producing a purity and a flame-like purified work of art. Purity has often come in art from such conflicts waged in the artist. Beethoven nearly attained within himself the conquest over death: perhaps Shakespeare quite attained it. Lawrence could never have said with Shakespeare:

We must endure
Our going hence, even as our coming hither :
Ripeness is all.

That was the victory. Lawrence fought harder and harder as he knew his time was getting shorter, and he fought too objectively and victory slipped further away.

The music of Berlioz, who was temperamentally near to Lawrence, has something of the flame-like quality of Lawrence's best poetry. In the early poems, particularly, there is a delicate lyrical feeling and a very personal one, of a kind that is difficult to match in other modern verse. Here, for instance :

When the white feet of the baby beat across the grass
The little white feet nod like flowers in a wind,
They poised and run like puffs of wind that pass
Over water where the weeds are thinned.

Or here :

Rabbits, handfuls of brown earth, lie
Low-rounded on the mournful turf they have bitten
down to the quick.
Are they asleep?—are they living?—Now see, when I
Lift my arms, the hill bursts and heaves under their
spurting kick!

* 'Nettles.' By D. H. Lawrence. Criterion Miscellany No. 11. Faber and Faber. 1s.

Perhaps there was no real essential change in Lawrence's outlook from beginning to end, but as the slings and arrows became thicker and faster his attack became blinder and more objective. The immediate effect of influences, enthusiasms and set-backs can best be traced in the novels. But experiences and their influences are deeply bitten in the poems, too. What was there, fostering the lyrical quality of:

You, Helen, who see the stars
As mistletoe berries burning in a black tree,
You surely, seeing I am a bowl of kisses
Should put your mouth to mine and drink of me:

had developed, after what Lawrence calls "the death experience... with the long haunting of death in life," and the war, into:

Oh, and I want to sing
And dance, but I can't lift up
My eyes from the shadows : dark
They lie spilt round the cup.

Says Lawrence: "What was uttered in the cruel spring of 1917 should not be dislocated and heard as if sounding out of the void." For "even the best poetry, when it is all personal, needs the penumbra of its own time and place and circumstance to make it full and whole."

At this time he could still sing, and with added power if with less spontaneity:

Here I am all myself. No rose-bush heaving
Its limpid sap to culmination has brought
Itself more sheer and naked out of the green
In stark-clear roses, than I to myself am brought.

The poems in 'Birds, Beasts and Flowers,' begun in Italy in 1920 and finished in New Mexico in 1923 (when Lawrence was thirty-seven), are unequal in quality and yet connected in feeling. There is in some of them a remarkable unity of the idea with the poem itself. As in 'Man and Bat,' for instance, with its short, jerky flights of sentences; and in 'Fish':

Your life a sluice of sensation along your sides,
A flush at the flails of your fins, down the whorl of
your tail,
And water wetly on fire in the grates of your gills;
Fixed water eyes.

These have been paralleled elsewhere, perhaps, but they are virile and vital. But in other parts of the book flowers and fruits are twisted into sexual symbols and spontaneity has been nearly drowned. At first sight this seems a pity, and it is difficult to realize that it could not have been otherwise. But just as there is the same compelling force throughout his work, so this force arises always from the same inner conflicts, and during its times of travail it was bound to result in a cloying, overloaded statement, just as in its moments of victory and comparative freedom when there was a fusion, as it were, of the forces, he did his best work: and this will live. When he met opposition outside as well as inside him—and he was bound to meet a great deal—his writing tended to become hot-headed and stinging. He could not forgive society for such an incident as the banning of his pictures at the London Exhibition in 1929: he could never realize the naturalness of people treating his own passionate sincerity otherwise than with respect, in whatever form he gave it. He tried to hit back, becoming bitter, and to some extent, at least, mistaking the conflict in himself for the folly he found in others. So he wore himself out. Without these external conflicts as well he might one day have achieved his Nirvana:

"I'm learning to possess my soul in patience and in peace, and I know it. And it isn't a negative Nirvana either. And if Tanny possess her own soul in patience and peace as well—and if in this we understand each other at last—then there we are, together and apart at

the same time, and free of each other, and eternally inseparable. I have my Nirvana—and I have it all to myself. But more than that. It coincides with her Nirvana." "Ah, yes," said Aaron. "But I don't understand all that word-splitting." "I do, though. You learn to be quite alone, and possess your soul in isolation—and at the same time, to be perfectly with someone else—that's all I ask."

This, from 'Aaron's Rod,' was written eight years ago. Possibly he never came nearer than he was then to his ideal. He might have fought on somehow, raising his shield against bitter human contacts, and living through until he gained strength and victory; but it would have needed a difference in circumstances. As it was he died, as he had to.

ARE SCHOOLMASTERS BECOMING SOFT?

BY ONE OF THEM

DURING the last few years there has grown up in England a type of boy-worship which is not a healthy sign. Schoolmasters are the worst offenders, but their example is followed all too closely by scoutmasters, clergymen, doctors, magistrates and policemen.

There is, experiences teaches, such a thing as being too sympathetic, too kind, and for some time the boys of this country have been suffering from the enervating effects of an uncontrolled solicitude for the comfort of their minds and bodies. In former days the schools were exceedingly healthy places in this respect, if not in all others. Boys encountered there a salutary indifference to their minor troubles and soon learnt either to ignore them or deal with them in manly fashion.

But schoolmasters have grown benevolent of late, and the wise restraint which used to characterize their attitude towards their charges has given way to an irresistible need to help and conciliate, when neither help nor conciliation is needed. Thus the schools have gradually been rendered powerless to do the main thing required of them: that is, to produce self-disciplined, independent-minded, hardy-souled young men.

It is obviously good that many evils which clung to the old public school system have disappeared. Excessive flogging, the baiting of small boys by big boys, blanket-tossing, indiscriminate flogging, have all been abolished in favour of a humarer and more productive method; but the process, as was perhaps inevitable, has been carried too far. The schools are now, in certain respects, over-humanized, and the boys are no longer allowed to learn, as they used to, the indispensable art of fighting their own battles.

The first requisite of public school life is that it should counteract the softening influence of the home, and the heady effect of the preparatory school. Firm, even stern, discipline is what, above all things, young boys require.

But are they getting it? The answer, on the whole, is No. The modern method of fraternization between boys and masters is all against it. It is no longer the rule for masters, especially headmasters, to dispense justice with that complete absence of sentiment which makes it the greatest factor for good in a boy's upbringing. They talk to him instead. Now it is perfectly well understood that once a man begins to talk to a boy he is lost. A boy in trouble brings out the weakest there is in a man. In their extremity, boys are marvellously subtle fighters, and anyhow, when it comes to an argument, boys can beat their masters every time.

The fact is that present-day schoolmasters "feel for" their boys too much. They recall their own boyhood with such tenderness and affection that they are robbed of their capacity for swift, plain dealing. No one in his senses would desire a return to the harsh and brutal methods of times gone by, but there can be no doubt that a reaction in favour of stricter discipline, and a total abandonment of the general "looseness" which is so apparent in our modern school life, would have immensely beneficial effects both on the teacher and the taught.

We need men of sterner stuff and finer perception of the effect of their own characters on their pupils. We need men of harder moral fibre, with less of the quality of compromise about them. Only such as these will breed in our sons the qualities which (though the saying be trite) have made our public school men famous, and our public schools the pride of our country and the envy of the world.

KEW IN SPRING

BY VERNON RENDALL

"I AM going," I said to my pallid lunch acquaintance, "to Kew Gardens."

"What's the use of it?" he replied scornfully. "I never saw anything in flowers. You just glimpse at them and go away and don't remember anything about them. They do you no good. Useless, I think."

"So you say," I answered, adding no more, though I was inclined to point out that Kew was useful, having carried across from South America quinine to India and the best rubber plants to the Malay Peninsula. But that would have been a poor defence. I reflected that it is idle to explain to people of advanced years who have never thought about the art of living that beauty is one of the greatest recreations of the human spirit. I did not waste on such a listener a quotation from Keats about the influence of flowers:

Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits.

At last "the spring comes slowly up this way" and brings beauty with it. The little Celandine shines out under the hedge and at the gates of Kew my eye caught a flush of pink *Prunus* which was, in the modern vernacular, "topping." It was the beginning of a parade of pink, rose and white which will last for a month and more and find its unearthly climax in April in the pair of white double cherry trees which defy description.

There has been earlier blossom, such as that of the Glastonbury Thorn which gives the miracle of May flowering in winter, the cheerful red of *Cydonia* (once *Pirus*) *Japonica*, and the yellow Jessamine. But the double Japanese Apricot, *Prunus Mume*, seen against a blue sky, and *P. Amygdalus*, the Almond, strike one every year as special beauties which no one could pass without admiration, and the Almond has been wisely reinforced at Kew with a number of young plants. These are exotics happily naturalized but ever yielding a new surprise when colour is rare in the open. They have bloomed earlier in the triple House at the end of the Gardens which gives a foretaste of sight due later in the grounds. In this House at present is a blaze of yellow *Forsythia*, which is beginning to bloom in the open and succeeding to the similar, more delicate flowers of the Witch Hazel.

Here are Camellias in abundance, and there is one already daring the cold with brilliant red flowers by the side of the Wild Garden. Here, too, on a gaunt twisted tree with no leaves, which looks as dead as a gate-post, are the splendid pink-flushed flowers of a Magnolia. The Magnolias, now supposed to be the most primitive of flowers, come out early and late, but they will be at their best just before the Azaleas supply the most wonderful blaze of the year. We think of them and the Rhododendrons as hot-house favourites now, and in House 4 Rhododendron "Coral Pink" is pretty enough to make a savage pause to admire, though outshone for sheer colour by the gorgeous deep-red *Hippocratea*, lilies of the Amaryllis order which have been a prime show for a fortnight. This House, like the two rooms devoted to the Orchids, has no cold season, and they hold abundance of changing bloom.

Among the Orchids, *Dendrobium* and *Phalaenopsis*, are the present stars and there are other blooms queer and sinister, hanging sideways with naked roots which recalled to my companion Mr. Wells's story of the biting Orchid. Or should one merely say with a heavy Gentleman in Black I once heard discoursing here, "They illustrate the prodigality of Nature rather than her usefulness"? Usefulness! The whole world seems turning Benthamite and the clergyman had forgotten the text about Solomon-shaming lilies.

But in the twentieth century the skill and research of the gardener give us well-known blossoms enduring our climate much earlier and later than we used to know them. Autumn at Kew brings a foreign chestnut in flower, and in these still wintry days the Rhododendron Dell has shown for some time the bright rosy flowers of *R. Nobleanum*, prodigally offered to the cold. It has got in front of *R. Praecox*, whose purple flowers are now brilliant near King William's Temple.

These, however, are novelties, except to the expert, not familiar things expected and well loved every year. This is still, as it was when Tennyson wrote sixty years since, the "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus." The golden crocus can be seen at the full, a happy family shining on a gently rising mound under a tree, and in the Wild Garden a stork poses philosophically as usual, unmoved, it would seem, by the purple crocuses and the first daffodils, which put the pale Christmas Roses out of countenance. Yet they have lasted long and with the silvery seeds of Honesty have filled up a bare gap.

The Winter Aconites, which old Fitzgerald called "New Year Gifts," have been another boon and the snowdrops, a little late this year, are still varied with the Snowflakes, similar blossoms with a larger open white flower, in the Rock Garden. Here the early Saxifrages will come soon, for I have seen them already out in the garden of a friend, and a new island is being created with many Conifers already in possession. The sand will presumably grow Heaths, hardy things for all seasons. *Erica carnea* has been blooming for some time, a species like that of Kynance Cove.

At the end of the Rock Garden, gazing towards the Iris patch, I noticed Mr. Atkinson's statue of a working boy leaning on a spade. In detail it is severely realistic, but it has an easy and pleasant rhythm which recalls that of the rustic with a scythe in Fred Walker's "Harbour of Refuge." Wandering round to the Woodland, to see once again the old trees with a bark twisted in graceful curved lines like the best work of Athenian drapery in sculpture, I came across the stones signed, "T. R. M., 1728." These are among the earliest memorials I have noticed in the place. The Gardens began to flourish as we knew them under Sir William Hooker in the 'forties, and in 1838 were to be transformed

into a kitchen and fruit garden for the Royal family. The Government thought it advisable but the public objected. Kew was a favourite residence with George III, who did much to make the grounds into a single property. He bought among other things the land marked as his own by T. R. M., a Norfolk ecclesiastic of the old school.

I heard a little story about the sale from his descendants. The King made a good bargain and it was understood that a Canonry, when a suitable one fell vacant, was to adorn the obliging vendor. Unfortunately, York only at the time offered such a place, and York was too far off for a Norfolk man. So no advancement came. Some years later he met Farmer George, who recognized him, rambled on in talk, remarked that a Canonry of Norwich was vacant, but said no more. So the Norfolk man went sadly home reflecting on the faulty memory of kings, to learn from his joyful wife that he had been appointed to the place.

The story is not, I believe, in print, but I see no reason to disbelieve it. It suits the homely, kindly, rustic countenance, as you can see in a bust at the Museum of fine woods.

THE THEATRE 1910 AND —1890?

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Enchantment. By J. Jefferson Farjeon. Vaudeville Theatre.

Misalliance. By Bernard Shaw. Royal Court Theatre.

THE rules of the Lord Chamberlain provide that "the name of the actual and responsible Manager of the Theatre must be printed on every play-bill." After witnessing 'Enchantment' at the Vaudeville I suggest that the Rules of the Critics' Circle should insist on the printing of the names of the persons responsible for the casting of all plays. The leading rôles are those of a romantic shop-girl and a Cockney clerk, who pretend throughout the play to be aristocrats. This pretence is not intended to deceive the audience, nor even (I gathered) the other characters. It is, therefore, essential that the players shall be convincing in their Cockneyism and manifestly spurious in their assumed nobility. So somebody with a positive genius for miscasting selected Mr. Jack Hobbs to play the clerk, Mr. Hobbs being a typical Public-School-and-Varsity young man, with a cultured voice, a pleasant, easy manner, and no great talent for character-acting. The inevitable result was a gentleman pretending to be a clerk, instead of a clerk pretending to be a gentleman—that is to say, the exact opposite of the character created by the author. As the shop-girl, Mr. Cedric O. Birmingham actually "presented" Miss Madeleine Carroll, who is pretty enough, but an actress of very small experience and not as yet possessed of either the talent or the personality to justify such greatness being thrust upon her. The effect on Mr. Farjeon's comedy is to make it Amateur Theatricals. And though 'Enchantment' may be no great shakes, and its success or failure a matter of no artistic importance, it is worth while pointing out that many sentimental plays far sillier than Mr. Farjeon's have delighted unsophisticated audiences for months on end, thanks to judicious casting and a first-rate presentation.

'Enchantment' concerns an empty cottage in which four characters seek shelter from a snowstorm. They introduce themselves to one another. And because the shop-girl starts by saying she is Lady Emyntrude, the clerk responds that he is Lord Manchester; the comic tramp announces himself as Charlie Peace (grandson

of the great C. P.), which provokes the fourth, also comic, to retort that he is the famous Detective Blood. They are joined by the ducal owners of the cottage; and the Duchess, rising—or sinking—to the situation, tells them she is a shop-girl, while the Duke reluctantly assumes some similarly humble alias. So far, so fairly good. As the two aristocrats, Miss Lydia Sherwood and Mr. Richard Gray are discreetly ducal and well cast; and Charlie Peace is made as amusing as possible by Mr. Charles Groves. But Act II fails to develop the situation, merely elaborating it. Drama is continually foreshadowed by the mysterious drowsiness of the six characters, but fulfilment is continually postponed; the characters search vainly for an author, and the drowsiness begins to spread across the footlights. (Playwrights, beware! yawning is dangerously infectious!) By the end of Act II everybody on the stage is inexplicably asleep... Act III is a dream in which the characters behave according to their assumed personalities, and the play for a little while becomes amusing; after which they all wake up and reveal their true identities to one another, and the curtain falls.

Mr. Farjeon calls his play a comedy, from which I presume he means it to be taken as realism, and not as what Barrie calls a fancy. But as realism it contains too much that is incredible. The Duke behaves in a consistently ducal, gently patronizing manner; yet the clerk regards him as a genuine proletarian. The Duchess, breathing Birth with every syllable, is accepted by the shop-girl as a fellow shop-girl. Far more disastrous, however, was the characterization of the real plebeians when pretending to be lord and lady-like and describing their aristocratic mode of life. Here we are given a fantastic picture of the Rich and Noble—not as clerks and shop-girls, but as children playing at grown-ups imagine it. And now I wonder—is the explanation of this rather ineffective comedy, that it is an infant prodigy play, written somewhere about 1890, by a Master Farjeon not yet in his teens? No, I suppose not; yet it would explain a great deal that otherwise seems inexplicable.

By 1910, the date of 'Misalliance,' Mr. Bernard Shaw had become self-conscious, and more than a little self-satisfied, with regard to his own notorious verbosity. He keeps referring to it in this play, pretending to rebuke himself for a weakness he is obviously rather proud of—very much as the more pious sort of clergyman will offer insincere apologies for some such minor vice as over-indulgence in tobacco, or a High Court judge confess, with childish pride, his weakness at arithmetic. And the explanation is the same in every case, whether it be Shaw's Talk or the curate's pipe: we feel that these petty failings distinguish us from the ruck. And that is why in 'Misalliance' Mr. Bernard Shaw, ingenuously conceited rather than ingeniously disarming, makes Hypatia complain of the "talk, talk, talk," and end the play by crying out ("fervently," the stage-direction tells us), "Thank goodness!" when her father supposes "there's nothing more to be said."

'Misalliance' is, therefore, admittedly a play consisting very largely of Talk. But so are all plays. And the essential difference between Shaw's dialogue and that of other dramatists is that Shaw's is very often academic and impersonal, while theirs is emotional and of more immediate relevancy to the action of the play. Another distinguishing characteristic of the Shavian Talk is that it is almost always lively and amusing; so that we are much less sympathetic than we should be with the unfortunate Hypatia, who finds it "maddeningly uninteresting" only because she is privileged to listen to it every day.

Post-war Shavians need not be afraid of pre-war Shaw. There is nothing "intellectual" or "high-brow" about 'Misalliance,' which is written from beginning to end in a hilariously farcical mood. Nor

it is an uneventful play. It contains an aeroplane crash in the garden, an attempted murder, love scenes galore, proposals honourable and otherwise, and nine characters not one of whom resembles any other except in his or her loquaciousness. Moreover, the Macdona Players at the Court go all out for the fun, leaving the wisdom to take its chance; and this is the right way of dealing with a propagandist playwright who conceals his pills with so thick a covering of sugar, and whose lack of self-control involves him in countless irrelevant parentheses, so that his arguments never lead to any logical conclusion. Indeed, as the homicidal Socialist, Mr. Esme Percy sometimes went too far, reminding one that he had played the Private Secretary; his farce was too broad, and his acting became over-acting; and though the result was extremely funny, and in its little details quite unquestionably clever, one was uncomfortably conscious that it was one of those selfish performances that have baneful consequences on the acting of the other players. Miss Irene Vanbrugh seemed to me miscast as Lina; her natural personality is that of a peculiarly charming Englishwoman, and the part of a Polish acrobat, who is essentially mannish and contemptuous of womanly charm, suited her as little as her aviation costume. On the other hand, Miss Rosalinde Fuller was admirable as Hypatia, that vital daughter of a vital father. And Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, though never for a moment Shaw's "ridiculous old shopkeeper," gave us a Tarleton filled with that "superabundance of vitality" which is his most essential and conspicuous quality; and this, combined with an exceptionally fine voice and a keen appreciation of Shaw's words, enabled him to deal with page-long speeches in a really masterly fashion. The rest of the company were, at least, adequate; and the play was taken at a properly fast pace.

BROADCASTING

AT last we have had a really good, lively discussion! Mrs. M. A. Hamilton, M.P., and Mr. Douglas Jerrold went for each other hammer and tongs on the subject of War Books, their justification and effects. Even Mr. Vernon Bartlett, who started by constituting himself referee, broke all the Queensberry rules by becoming just as fierce a contestant as Mrs. Hamilton and Mr. Jerrold and by favouring, for, as he confessed, his sympathies lay all along with Mrs. Hamilton. Poor Mr. Jerrold was left to fight his case by himself. I say poor Mr. Jerrold although, in point of fact or argument, he proved too good for either of his opponents.

*
A justification of material progress need not necessarily involve an outcry against human shortsightedness. We may sometimes sigh and think how nice it must have been living in the seventeenth century; no noisy clatter of traffic, no petrol pumps spoiling our beautiful countryside; but we never fail to realize the advantages of modern conveniences even if we do turn them into bones of contention. Sir Henry Newbolt must allow us our little fads, for without them there would be "nothing whatever to grumble at."

*
Mr. Arnold Bax's new symphony is an immense improvement on his previous work. Still complicatedly noisy in parts, there is nevertheless a distinct tendency towards a serious consideration of the possibilities of melody. The symphony, written for a large orchestra which certainly justified its existence, was splendidly conducted by Sir Henry Wood,

that is, as far as one could judge from this end of the wire. Beethoven's 'Emperor' Concerto needs no introduction, the only comment being in praise of Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus's fine performance.

*
This business of Personal Liberty seems to involve a tremendous amount of deliberation and reference to psychological works, ancient and modern. In the half hour allotted to these discussions by the B.B.C. there appears to be little chance of arriving at any definite and practical conclusions. The finer points of 'Freewill' led Dr. Jacks and Mr. Siepmann rather out of their depths, although Dr. Jacks showed a brave front to Mr. Siepmann's barrage of questions. Mr. Siepmann is an adept at "picking people up"—that is not intended offensively.

*
I do not know whether any young composer has thought of using the Zoological Gardens as a subject for composition. The lions and trumpeting elephants and Monkey Hill should provide just as good material as an express train or a rugby football match, both of which ideas have already been appropriated. On Tuesday evening we had 'Der Lindberghflug,' a charming work by Hindemith und Kurt Weill (words by Brecht). The B.B.C. must give us more of these International concerts.

*
The following are selected from the programmes for the coming week. (All National and London Regional.) Monday : Rt. Hon. Lord Hewart of Bury, L.L.D., D.C.L., on 'Law, Ethics and Legislation' (9.25). Tuesday : General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.S.O. on 'Looking Backwards' (7.0). Wednesday : 'The Bartered Bride' by Smetana (7.45). Thursday : 'The Years of Depression' debated by Mr. H. L. Beales and Mr. R. S. Lambert (7.25). Friday : B.B.C. Symphony Concert conducted by Perez Casas (8.0).

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—212

SET BY HAROLD STANNARD

A. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best message of congratulation, not exceeding 250 words in length, from a person of eminence in his time and place to the proprietor of a weekly journal which has succeeded in carrying on after the abrupt departure of its staff.*

B. *We offer a Prize of One Guinea for a rendering into verse after the Kipling style and manner of the following passage from Conrad's 'Youth': "There was no break in the weather. The sea was white like a sheet of foam, like a cauldron of boiling milk; there was not a break in the clouds—no, not the size of a man's hand—no, not for so much as ten seconds. There was for us no sky, there were for us no stars, no sun, no universe—nothing but angry clouds and an infuriated sea. We pumped watch and watch, for dear life; and it seemed to last for months, for years, for all eternity, as though we had been dead and gone to a hell for sailors. I had moments of exultation. Whenever the old dismantled craft pitched heavily with her counter high in the air, she seemed to me to throw me up, like an appeal, like a defiance, like a cry to the clouds without mercy, the words written on her stern: 'Judas, London. Do or Die.'"*

RULES

- All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW,

9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week : LITERARY 212A or LITERARY 212B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on the MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the *first post* on *Monday, March 31*. The results will be announced in the issue of *April 5*.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 210

SET BY OLIVER WARNER

A. A publisher, having received an odd and somewhat dejecting report on an MS. called 'Tristram Shandy,' decides that, though he cannot publish it with much hope, it would be as well to send its unknown author an encouraging letter (for which we offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea) which should not exceed more than 150 words.

B. Having purchased the copyright of a long poem called 'Paradise Lost' by a little-known poet, for an inconsiderable sum, the publisher finds great difficulty in composing a satisfactory dust-cover, for the text of which (limited to 150 words) we offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea.

REPORT FROM MR. OLIVER WARNER

210A. Nearly all entries stressed the point that indelicacy would be the great obstacle to any publisher attempting to handle 'Tristram Shandy.' The letters had, therefore, a fairly close similarity, although C. G. Box (breaking old ground afresh) composed an interesting letter in Dodsley's manner. Charles Moore must come first; his entry seems to me really witty, as it shows the publisher to rival the author in cynicism. Second prize goes to W. Gladden, for its delightful patronage.

FIRST PRIZE

Dear Sir,

Thank you for sending me 'Tristram Shandy,' which has been carefully read by members of our reading staff. I regret to say that, while recognizing the eager cynicism and brilliant satire of the book, my partners feel that the present is hardly the time to publish a work of this sort. If, however, you could guarantee the sale of a certain number of copies we should be happy to discuss publication with you.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

CHARLES MOORE

SECOND PRIZE

Dear Sir,

We regret that our reader's report on 'Tristram Shandy' does not justify us in undertaking its publication. At the same time, we do not wish to discourage you, as it is quite possible that, when rewritten, your book may be suitable for our list. We would draw your attention to the following points.

Setting : The historical novel is again coming into fashion, but depravity is only tolerated in high life. The scene should be laid in medieval Italy or at the French Court (eighteenth century).

Plot : This is far too straightforward. We suggest that details of the hero's parentage should be reserved

for the last chapter, and a surprise prepared for the reader.

Style : Modern readers like to see a spade called a spade.

Incidents : Second-hand battle incidents are not relished. Details of campaigning—lice, wounds, etc.—should be introduced.

We shall be pleased to see your MS. again in its new form.

Yours very truly,

W. GLADDEN

210B. Bombast and flippancy would have deterred a reader of many of the 'Paradise Lost' dust-covers H. M. Vaughan had an interesting reference to an "artillery duel in Book VI, which recalls some of the most striking features of the recent Great War." Most entries only emphasized the difficulty of posing a really good publishers' "blurb."

First prize goes to L. F. Goldsmid, for an attempt in a serious vein and, incidentally, for his recognition of Milton's tendency towards something approaching *vers libre*, though he has over-stressed this. Second prize goes to Norah M. Butterfield, who evidently had the railway bookstall in mind.

FIRST PRIZE

A sensational book that is destined to give rise to much discussion in the pulpit and elsewhere. In language free from scientific jargon, the Darwinian hypothesis is proved to be unfounded. A picture is drawn of early life on the earth which will revolutionize all accepted ideas. The sex question is discussed fearlessly, but without offence. The War of the Worlds is described—but what a War! Instead of mere beings from another planet, the combatants are no less than Satan and his host fighting against the Powers of Heaven. Hell itself is described in detail. Indeed, the writer makes good his claim to discuss matters that no one else has yet attempted. Finally, the gauntlet is thrown down to the writers of free verse, who are beaten on their own ground.

L. F. GOLDSMID

SECOND PRIZE

With its first page this epic poem lifts us from the grey quietude of ordinary life to the exotic beauty of the East. The colourful pageant of old days in Mesopotamia unrolls before our eyes. Here are the stark realities of the world, primitive Man and Woman fighting out their destiny. Read of the warring hosts of Heaven and Hell; throb to the heartbeats of the woman who lost her Eden for a moment's pleasure.

NORAH M. BUTTERFIELD

MARIONETTE

BY IDA GRAVES

WHAT are these wires that fail the limbs
And loosely slander such desires
For gesture's light epitomes?
Now is the canvas stacked and turned,
The curtain fetched and the high bridge unmanned,
And I hung out beyond the hand
Slack by the neck of this convicted body.

Lift up to me the sponge and reed
With vinegar since I am spurned
And pilloried upon a stubborn need.
Lift up against me any spear you may
Since I am caught upon the whims of fear.
Then put upon my puppet's flesh
No cerements but the dark mesh
Of thoughtlessness that thought has torn away.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- 1 The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- 2 Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

DECENCY IN LITERATURE

SIR,—While endorsing all that your correspondent says about the necessity of decency in our literature and drama, I am firmly convinced that good art should not be judged from a moral standpoint. Novels, which have their public merely by virtue of their crude vulgarity, are generally very bad and should be severely condemned; but those which are admittedly beautiful, though touching on delicate subjects in a pure and exalting light, are as valuable to our literature as the former are a blot upon it.

I am, etc.,
RICHARD RUMBOLD

32 Pembridge Square, W.2

EDUCATION ON THE CHURCH AND STATE QUESTION

SIR,—As Mr. Hardwick, in his interesting article last week, points out, the present is a time which may be profitably employed in education on the question of the relations of Church and State.

I fear those who have studied the last seventy years of the history of the English Church will smile at his naïve references to the Enabling Act of 1919. This Act was the outcome of the Report of a Committee on the Relations of Church and State, appointed by the Archbishops at the request of the Representative Church Council—itself the precursor of the Church Assembly—in 1913. The temporary organization known as Life and Liberty (formed in 1917), among other societies, supported the plan, but in no sense was the originator of it.

I am inclined to think that a layman first projected the idea of a Church Assembly: as far back as 1852 the Prince Consort discussed its probable usefulness. One of the reasons for the erection of the Church House, Westminster (the foundation stone was laid by the Duke of Connaught in 1891), was to provide accommodation for the Church's representative assembly.

I am, etc.,
E. A. GILCHRIST

25 Victoria Street, S.W.1

SPEED LIMITS

SIR,—Speed limits, driving tests and all manner of legal restrictions have been discussed as a means of reducing the number of road accidents. With the approach of the motoring season may I suggest that the chief cause of accidents is imperfect control of cars and that it is not in the power of any body of legislators to stop accidents just by restricting or fining or sending to prison people who are not complete masters of their cars. It would appear to be important, therefore, that the authorities should encourage the manufacturer to produce cars which are simple to drive. As an example of what can be done, we have the self-changing four-speed gearbox, enabling the driver to change gear without taking his hands from the wheel, and so giving him easy control, no matter how unmechanically minded he may be. Other simplifications, such as the introduction of light, easy steering and the grouping of all

controls on the steering wheel, will occur to your motorist readers, and the suggestion that a mechanical screen-wiper should be compulsory is worth consideration.

If our roads are to be made safer, surely our cars should be made as nearly fool-proof as engineers can devise? All of us who use the roads would welcome official encouragement in that direction as a logical attempt to tackle this vexed problem at its right end.

I am, etc.,
C. E. ROBERTS,
Secretary

Owner Drivers' Club,
Criterion Buildings,
Piccadilly Circus, W.1

DR. CHARLES BURNLEY

SIR,—I am engaged in writing the life of Dr. Charles Burnley, the musical historian, a work which is long overdue, since nothing exists except the three-volume Memoirs of him written a century since by his famous daughter, Fanny, then aged eighty and become very vague and garrulous.

Burnley and all his family were such feverishly active correspondents that there must be in existence a good many letters, either by him or by members of his family, throwing light upon his activities. The present members of his family, of course, have some, and the British Museum has a few, and so have I myself. But these cannot be all. His daughter focused her attention so strongly upon the wonderfully varied social side of his life as largely to overlook the artistic and professional activities, and everything bearing on those would be particularly welcome. Further, it may have happened that researchers in other departments of eighteenth and early nineteenth-century musical life have come by chance across information concerning him that would be of greater or lesser interest.

I venture to ask your kind publicity for these suggestions, as the only way of ensuring success in an investigation that has its national interest, for when Dr. Johnson says of a man "I much question if there is in the world such another man as Dr. Burnley," we may take it that that man is worth the national attention.

For any information sent me I shall be deeply grateful.

I am, etc.,
PERCY A. SCHOLES
Cornaux, Chamby sur Montreux,
Switzerland

FOOD TAXES AND THE REFERENDUM

SIR,—It seems to me that the question of food taxes is a simple one and that Mr. Baldwin, being a straightforward man, will find no difficulty in placing it before the country. He has promised when he is returned to power to call a conference of the Dominions. When the conference meets the whole situation will be thoroughly explored; pessimists should remember that Britain is still the hub of the British Empire and that if we need the assistance of the Dominions, they, in their turn, cannot dispense with our support. Patriotism, local and Imperial, will combine with self-interest to hammer out a practical scheme. If that scheme requires, as is anticipated, that we should submit to the imposition of taxes on food, the reasons for such taxation will be fully explained to the country by Mr. Baldwin and, indeed, by the time the Bill embodying these taxes has passed through Parliament, they will have been so fully and exhaustively discussed that every elector will have made up his or her mind about them.

To approach the subject without the Referendum would be to court defeat. Food taxes are a working man's question, and the wives of the working men will have the final say. And just as, in the days before motors, when your horse shied at some object on the bank you led him up to it and let him look at it and smell it until, at last, he felt sure that the bogey could not hurt him, so the workmen's wives, to whom food taxes are not a matter of academic discussion but of practical loss or gain must be made to feel that there can be no taxation of food without their consent, and be given the opportunity of judging whether, from the point of view of the cottage breakfast table, it may not be sound policy to agree to a tax on food in order to secure for their husbands higher wages and permanent employment.

I am, etc.,
C. POYNTZ SANDERSON

Emsworth, Hants

NOW OR THEN?

SIR,—Can it be said of the leaders of any one of the existing political parties that they have given evidence of such a grasp of the essential needs of the country ever since the war as would warrant a continuance of faith in them? In particular, can it be said of the leaders of the Conservative Party that they have justified our confidence?

Take their record from the time of the Coalition Government of 1918, since when, with the exception of the brief period the Labour Government was in office prior to the 1924 General Election, the Party enjoyed a strong majority in the House of Commons until it again threw it away at the last General Election. Is it unfair to say that it is a record which, in the main, can be summed up in the words of the General Confession, slightly paraphrased: "They have done those things which they ought not to have done and they have left undone those things which they ought to have done, and there is no health in them."

Recent events have proved beyond a shadow of doubt that the sturdy independence of the people is asserting itself and that the masses, irrespective of old political convictions, are casting aside the false gods which have brought us so close to the verge of ruin. They are thinking things out and realize to a far greater extent than our effete leaders suppose, that just as they saved Britain in the dread crisis of the war, it is their job to save her now in this even greater crisis.

We have been described as "a nation of lions led by asses." The "lions" are turning upon the "asses" and will assuredly rend them.

I am, etc.,
"CIVIS BRITANNICUS"

PROHIBITION

SIR,—A charge frequently brought by "drys" of the United States against American newspapers is that newspapers desire the return of liquor in order to profit financially by liquor advertisements.

Such a charge reveals the narrow mentality of the "drys," and their suspicious natures, always thinking evil. Newspapers are vast conglomerate organizations, sometimes employing hundreds of workers in their direct service, and hundreds of others indirectly. Among these workers are good and bad: angels and saints on the one hand, and scoundrels and devils on the other hand. The owner of a newspaper himself may be a good man or a bad man; but whether he be good or bad, he cannot altogether control the policy and contents of his paper. The paper is too big for him: too many souls, minds and hands are at work

upon it. All the good and bad of newspaper workers act and interact upon each other, and we must believe that the good triumphs. Everyone has read articles in newspapers that have made him feel like taking the writers by the throat; yet the same papers publish articles in which the songs of angels may be heard. The newspaper is a microcosm. Good and evil, God and devil, may be found in the newspaper just as they are found in life.

Why are the vast majority of newspapers opposed to prohibition? Because newspapermen know life. They know the true, the good and the beautiful as well as the false, the evil and the ugly; and while they do not always follow the true, the good and the beautiful, they have sufficient grace not to exclude the true, the good and the beautiful from the columns of the newspaper. They are opposed to prohibition because they know (some of them) that prohibition is opposed to the Bible and religion, and because they know that prohibition is opposed to nature, history, reason, common sense and the welfare of society. At present prohibition rules in the United States. But it will not rule for ever, and perhaps it will not rule for long. There was a time when "the world was astonished to awake and find itself Arian." But Arianism did not last. So long as prohibition lasts, careful writers will continue to enclose the words "wet" and "dry" in quotation marks because these words refer to an ephemeral movement.

I am, etc.,
CHARLES HOOPER

*Cœur d'Alene,
Idaho, U.S.A.*

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

SIR,—I was hoping that, under the new regime, those judged competitions which are not in accordance with your best traditions would be dropped. They are very absurd.

Essays in competitions on some social problem are another matter—or passage-hunting contests. Best of all is the competition where a passage is chosen from a standard work and a word omitted or misquoted. Here there is skill, either in deducing the word or finding the passage. I am sure this kind of thing would appeal to a wider circle.

I am, etc.,
ARCHIBALD GIBBS
111 Packington Street, N.1

"REMAINDERS"

SIR,—Surely Mr. Rome, in his article on "remainders," in your issue of March 15, has gone astray. To a publisher his reflections seem very odd. Let us take two books:

(a) Of which 1,000 copies are printed. Its sales just reach 900, and then it dies. It will not be remaindered.

(b) Of which 10,000 are printed. It sells 9,000 before its demise. There will be about 900 to remainder.

Which of the twain would Mr. Rome rather have written?

Paradoxical though it may sound, the fact that a book is remaindered is often a sign that it sold very well. Incidentally authors should not necessarily feel chagrined if their books are "jobbed off." Remainders are very cunningly disposed of and may be a means of introducing their authors to a valuable new public. But to deal at all adequately with the subject would require an article as long as Mr. Rome's.

I am, etc.,
H. R. WAKEFIELD
159 Ashley Gardens, S.W.1

REVIEWS

UNSER ENGLAND

England. By Wilhelm Dibelius, Professor of English in the University of Berlin. Translated by Mary Hamilton, M.P. Cape. 15s.

DURING the war the English discovered that the German was the poisonous fly in the world's ointment and dissected him, often unfairly. After the Armistice they forgot Germany, but the Germans sat down to discover and dissect these insular low-Germans, whom a little Scandinavian and Celtic admixture had dowered with gifts lacking to the main stock on the Continent. Dr. Dibelius's book is such a dissection and, when the sadness of war acrimony has been removed (it was written in 1923), we must realize that he is somewhat fairer and far more learned than Englishmen writing about Germany in the past. We except Mr. Gooch. Dibelius has reviewed English history, mastered the English Law and Constitution, analysed English religion often brilliantly, criticized English education and reduced his sheaves to general conclusions and personal epigrams. Often he shows an insight which makes it fascinating to see how others see us.

At other times he makes an amusing miss. He has probed the meaning of British hypocrisy, and he has revealed the English gentleman. These are only two of the themes that he has treated with consummate skill. British Imperialism he sees as the result of the old conquering Aristocracy and modern Capitalism struggling shoulder to shoulder in the world for different aims. As for the internal history of the three kingdoms, "Scotland accommodated herself: Ireland did not." The last twenty years of Irish history are well told and the account of the Treaty may be read with satisfaction by both English and Irish. Dibelius has taken in every point. "In this situation England made one of those clever turns that have always characterized her world policy." The Treaty of London followed with "the concessions that the death of the Easter martyrs wrung from the victors in World War." Another pregnant phrase is that "the Imperialist America counts more than little Ulster." Dibelius realizes what the Sinn Fein realized immediately the Free State was born that "Irish railways are still in the hands of English capital." Likewise, the Irish banks, for "practically all Irish money comes from Great Britain." Worse from the Irish point of view, we might add that all Irish money goes back through the banks to Great Britain.

The book, calm and professorial, has an undercurrent of grim irony at England's expense, though it is Englishmen who will laugh most. Prussian autocracy in the eighteenth century was probably a higher type of government than English oligarchy, but England then had a watchword for humanity and won the world from France. But "its new watchword worked at home and abroad. The English aristocrat had dangled the notion that they were the only free people in the world so often before the English masses that these presumably free persons did actually demand and acquire from the gentlemen a great share of that same freedom."

The chapters on Indian and Egyptian rule are written with careful clairvoyance. The British method is summed up as the art of making the elephant move to the touch of the pin. Cecil Rhodes is the hero of Dibelius as he has always been of Germans, uniting in one both the dreamer and the world-welder. Dibelius makes a Teutonic hero out of an ethical super-bagman. He weighs the scales in South Africa. He gives both Boer and Imperialist credit. Here we may note his cleverness (while

making his final summaries in British favour) of dropping hints and slipping in unpleasant little facts and unpalatable truths of most of which the public are quite unaware. Some are new to us, but they ring true. Among the crimes of England "the faithless policy toward Frederick the Great" does not weigh heavy on the national conscience. Dibelius has studied details with enormous industry and though there are inaccuracies they are seldom important ones. He calls the Boat Race a "Regatta." He thinks Balliol was founded by the claimant to the Scottish throne and that English gentlemen cross themselves at the thought of Bolshevism. In some ways they would prefer Moscow to Rome, though there is no doubt the Anglo-Saxon mind could assimilate a Bolshevism which would be as typical of England as that noble hybrid Anglo-Catholicism. The chapters on religion are good, though Dibelius imagines an Anglo-Saxon *imperium* resting on a spiritual basis instead of battleships and banking, which is a little fanciful.

The national characteristics are neatly partitioned and discriminated. Bentham and Spencer are found to lurk at the practical root of English Philosophy, or of what the man in the street thinks is his philosophy. That the Utilitarian and the hypocritical often go together leads to a Nonconformist Conscience. The power of the oligarchy has always lain in their ability to draw new blood and new fortunes from the middle-class, from Nabobs in the Eighteenth to Brewers in the Nineteenth. The British aristocrats, unlike the French, hygienically marry the lowly born, and the British merchants, unlike the socially well-partitioned Germans, are allowed to add their wealth to the titled class. The result is a world-type constantly refreshed and unknown since the Roman Empire. The English gentleman and sportsman is universal. As Dibelius lyrically says, "in the heart of Africa football is played according to Rugby rules; under the burning Indian sun men dine in high collars and boiled shirts: the short British pipe is smoked in distant Australia." They are all interested in the Boat Race and the Derby. They will all play the game and they give the "poor devil," whether German, or Dago, or nigger, a chance. At the word "women and children" they will stand stiffly to attention and die or write impassioned letters to *The Times*. Their religion is not Christianity with all its suppressions and humiliations, but a creed of "Freedom and Empire," as Rhodes expressed in his will, "with a singular blend of the instincts of the beast of prey and the idealism of the devotee."

Dibelius is a professor of literature, and his comments on English literature are interesting. He points out that English prose has far more claim to form than German. There is always a double side to England. The Germanic has been ravaged by the Celtic. The clipped English speech has a secondary armament of melodious Latinisms. Through the conventional and materialistic appear "the colour fantasies of a Turner, the ethereal figures of a Burne-Jones, the imaginative visions of Shelley, Blake and Coleridge, the heady love of form of a Spenser or a Shelley." But to be complete, his book should have extended from the Law and the Press, which are both dry summaries, to the great currents in English life of Sport, whether racing, cricket or football. They are far more important than politics and more influential than Christianity. As Dibelius discovered, during the war "special fodder for racehorses had to be produced at a time when victory might turn on the last bar of oats." He thinks that "for the first time in its history it would seem as though England has broken with Christianity." It is difficult to obtain statistics, for the religious quotas have not been given since the census of 1851, but it is a singular thing that

the clerical conscience cannot raise the divorce issue at an election, while the noble company of the Bookies are able to frighten the Government at by-elections. Dibelius pays noble tribute to the action of the English Quakers after the war. They alone proved that it was possible to love one's enemies.

It is a book which leaves one thinking and often creates thoughts which it does not supply in black and white. Two have occurred to us for what they are worth. One is that looking at the world with the impartiality of the stars, one feels that it must have been a mighty hindrance to world progress that Germany did not win the world-war at once and settle down to her allotted centuries of world-power. It would have been very unpleasant and disagreeable at first, but Europe would now be a century ahead of the present mess. Secondly, now that the next challenger for world dominion is Russia, with her gospel of subtle sedition in every land, only Germany and a Germany under inspired British direction could effectively close the Bolshevik path. If the war had left the German countries as mandates under Britain, Russia would find her political Verdun and America her commercial rival in a Germany organized under the easy imperial administration of such people as Dibelius has described better than they know themselves.

SHANE LESLIE

A MODERN EPIC

An International Drama. By Henry Morgenthau. Jarrolds. 18s.

THIS is a most inspiring book and one that should be read by two classes of people in particular—those who are cynics or sceptics about the League of Nations and those who believe that international finance is a power for evil.

In 1923 the author, American Ambassador at Constantinople before and during the war, was sent to Greece to become the first chairman of the Refugee Settlement Commission set up by the League of Nations in succession to the Refugee Treasury Fund which had been organized as a Greek national effort. His work carried him into the centre of Greek politics—he has been described as the Father of the Greek Republic—and into the heart of international politics and finance. In his account of his labours, Mr. Morgenthau reveals a strong anti-Turk and anti-German feeling, but the events recorded in this book make this feeling seem reasonable.

For more than a thousand years several million Greeks had been settled in Asia Minor, and it was long "the consuming ambition" of the Greeks to control the territory over which all these Greeks were scattered. On the other hand, the Turks wanted to remove somehow or other all Greeks from the seashores of Asia Minor. This latter process had begun under German influence before the war. Under the sham Democracy of the Young Turk movement Constantinople began a persecution of the Greek residents, and "the German agents in Constantinople did everything in their power to heighten the fears of the Turkish Government and to incite it to violence against the Greeks and Armenians." Long before Turkey entered the Great War persecution had driven hordes of Greeks from Asia Minor amid terrible sufferings. At the end of the war "the extraordinary success of Venizelos at the Paris Peace Conference eventually operated indirectly to bring overwhelming disaster upon the Greeks in Turkey." The Great Powers could not make up their minds in 1919, so President Wilson, in his obsession by political theory, suggested that the Greeks be invited to occupy part of Asia Minor until the Powers could finally agree on its ultimate disposition. Under King Constantine incredible

military follies were committed, and then came the achievements of Mustapha Kemal, the French effort to be friends with the new Turkey at the expense of the Greeks and of Allied solidarity, and finally the Smyrna disaster of September 9, 1922. Then the Turkish Nationalists determine to deport or exterminate all the remaining Greek population in Asia Minor.

"Within a few weeks 750,000 people were dumped like cattle at the ports" of Greece and its islands, in circumstances of amazing brutality. In the end "a million and a quarter human beings were running a race with starvation and death." Mr. Morgenthau gives ample credit to the heroic efforts of the Greeks to tackle the problem, though even he has to admit that "the swarm of lesser politicians seemed blind to everything but the selfish scramble for place and power." British financial help was forthcoming on the condition that it was to further permanent and productive uses, and neither military purposes nor charity. The author's accounts of his interviews with the Governor of the Bank of England are excellent reading. "It gave me a glow of satisfaction to think that this greatest bank in the world was not just a cold-blooded, impersonal, exacting money-lender, but was, instead, endowed with a heart as well as a brain and capable of acting the part of the Good Samaritan by lending a hand to a sister nation staggering under a crushing load."

Space precludes quotation from Mr. Morgenthau's description of life among the refugees, or of the course of Greek politics. Has a telegram from the Bank of England ever before been the cause of exiling a dynasty and establishing a republic? Now Mr. Morgenthau can write that "the refugees are proving to be a blessing to Greece." This transformation must be read about in the book; it cannot be described by quotation. But English readers will enjoy the account of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald having to bring so many Labour leaders with him, before he could commit his Party to the Chanak policy, "that they filled to overflowing the big reception room at No. 10 Downing Street." Also the account of the breakfast with Mr. Lloyd George, served by servants who spoke Welsh and no English. Some English readers will spot the inaccuracy of describing Lord Parmoor as an ex-solicitor. But these are details. The general story is a true epic and one that makes one feel proud of man's ability in these difficult times to triumph over disaster.

CLAUD MULLINS

RABELAIS

Francis Rabelais: The Man and His Work. By Albert Jay Nock, M.A., Litt.D., and C. R. Wilson, M.A. Harper. 21s.

HERE is a good deal of convention in England in handling Rabelais, and unfortunately his immortal work does call for the ministrations of commentator and editor. Those who would overload his fantastic allegory and riotous humour with a plethora of learned explanation and elaborate theory are dull dogs, and no true Pantagruelists; that may be admitted. On the other hand, those who read him without realizing the part he played in helping to break the shackles that had been fastened on the human spirit in the Middle Ages, and in promoting the revival of learning and humanism, and of education, are groping blindfold in a wonderful chapter of history. In these matters we hope for the happy mean, though we seldom get it. In France, naturally, the work is often done with a lighter and more sympathetic touch, though not always. The critical edition on which the Rabelais Society have been engaged for so many years should set us free from the tribe of commen-

tators for some time to come, and incidentally gather up the constructive work in regard to this period which has been in progress.

In the meantime, Dr. Nock and Mr. Wilson have published their exposition and running commentary on the author's life—as much of it as we know—and his work. If we are patient with them, there is a good deal to be got out of it, though it was unpardonable to have provided no index to their book, or even a list of chapters with the contents. They dislike the dull dogs and the prudes, and they stress above all the master's gift as an inimitable story-teller; but, truth to tell, they are a little solemn in making their points, and they labour under one grave disadvantage. The very thing which they are trying to do for us was done twenty years ago by Anatole France in his lectures, afterwards collected in a volume, which were delivered at Buenos Ayres, unfortunately to empty stalls owing to the ban of the Bishop of that city. And Anatole France, though his deep vein of irony was antithetical to the real Rabelaisian humour, was sufficiently in sympathy with his great forbear to give just that light touch to his running narrative—that flavour of *l'esprit Gaulois* which it is impossible for men of another race to supply.

The editors gird at Mr. W. F. Smith, who in 1893 published a translation which was intended to be literal, and consequently missed much of the spirit of the original. They are pushing an open door in urging the claims of Sir John Urquhart's translation. The first three Books by Urquhart are the English Rabelais, as the late Mr. Charles Whibley said—a peerless translation long crowned in the courts of letters—and we have accepted the inferior though ingenious artistry of Motteux in finishing the work. It would have been better if Mr. Smith had been left alone. Certainly he was not as broad-minded as the present editors. But broad or narrow, English commentators always shirk the real fact about the "grossness" of Rabelais. Mr. Smith is held up to derision as writing "trash" for acknowledging in feeble rather than forcible terms this predilection for grossness. Dr. Nock and Mr. Wilson err in the other direction:

He has a great deal to say, mostly in the way of witticism, about the power of sex-appetite, its place in nature, and its influence in determining conduct; and his treatment of these subjects is most outspoken.

But Rabelais, we are told, had no inflamed interest in grossness, or in its avoidance—"neither meant anything to him." He was a great story-teller, and "anything that a really great artist finds coming to his mill is grist." One set of critics mince their way through the horrific tale with pounce box in hand, as Matthew Arnold would say. The other pretend that anything not normal is just a bit of outspoken fun, "mostly in the way of witticism"—direct, forthright speech, the freedom of the age. Now, while Rabelais surely was one of the great story-tellers, the fact is, as every reader will admit who is not concerned with controversy, that grossness and filth in words and ideas were not only grist, but meat and drink to him. The chap-books and burlesques of his age were foul spoken according to our view, but Rabelais out-vied them. He seized on the very diction of the stews and latrines, and further to supplement his vocabulary he drew on his medical lore and knowledge of languages to invent obscene words of his own, portmanteau words, or monstrous conglomerations of syllables. He loved them, and revelled in them, quite apart from whether they were suited to this or that character. The stories he savoured most in the telling were those in which he used these words. Before the text of Rabelais the most prurient lavatory poet pales his ineffectual fires.

The reason why men of taste, as distinct from those who may have a natural liking for indecency, on occasion delight in Rabelais, and even in these passages, is because he is a master craftsman. He has a witty, rollicking, fantastic tale or allegory to tell, and when he tells it smutty he uses his lascivious or filthy words with all the precision of a stylist. They are bricks in a perfect structure. Grammar, artifice, form, suspense, climax, all were at his command. To him language was an incomparable instrument, a great organ which he could dominate. His was no scrannel pipe. That is one chief reason why he is a classic.

But when we come to number the "true Pantagruelists," by which is meant not merely readers of taste or cultivation, but the élite who are in sympathy, the number is small. In the first place, women dislike Rabelais. He makes horrid fun of them, morally, mentally, and functionally. He strips them of the respect in which they like to live. Without laying down the law on the vexed definition of humour, we may rely on Hazlitt's point, that it stresses the absurdities of mankind, and their ludicrous situations. Even men are not too comfortable to find themselves held up to ridicule; women will not pardon it. Rabelais found immense and ludicrous fun in natural functions of our poor bodies. He could not, or would not, acknowledge that sex may have an enhanced value from passion or sentiment. Then, too, the religiously minded must be struck off the roll of Rabelais's admirers. He had no reverence; that must be admitted, whether we argue that he was a true child of the Church or a sceptic.

His imitators have nearly always missed his spirit. Perhaps his environment was necessary to produce the temperament and the talent. In our own time we find Mr. Cabell, in 'Jürgen,' trying to be "forthright" in a suggestive manner, which is a conflict of impulse, if not a contradiction in terms. The comparatively thin stream of obscenity in the 'Ulysses' of our Mr. Joyce, representing the residue of the mind when the controls are off, is formless and incoherent. It may be, and often is, argued that to explore the formless is to present us with a new art, a controversy which is not likely to be settled in our generation. But Rabelais was an old master.

A. P. NICHOLSON

THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST

The Public Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ. By Archbishop Goodier, S.J. Two Vols. Sheed and Ward. 21s.

AS it would be of some interest to see a new book on astronomy written from the pre-Copernican standpoint, or a fresh biological treatise which ignored the theory of evolution, so it is interesting to look into a Life of Christ composed from the pre-critical standpoint.

It is true that the author is careful to disclaim all desire to have his work placed in the class which "may be called scientific." But the trouble is that the "scientific" element is indispensable to any biography. You may reduce your facts to a minimum, but they must be there, and sometimes they have to be looked for by "scientific" means. i.e., by comparing "sources," and so on.

It is, indeed, certain that a Life of Jesus, as of any of the great ones of the past, will be "something more than a subject for mere historical study and scientific research." But how can we understand the thoughts and lives and achievements of any of the figures of history, apart from the facts which are to be known about them? We cannot value the teaching of Jesus (for example) until we know what it was; and for this we must go to the documents and inter-

rogate them. And this interrogation of the sources means a great deal more than merely taking the Gospels as they stand. To adopt this pre-critical attitude, repudiating results established in every reputable University in Europe and America by the patient labours of generations of students, is to forgo all claims to be scientific, which simply means to be concerned with truth rather than opinion. It is true that historical study and research, unassisted by psychological insight and a sense of values, will not enable you to write a Life of Jesus any more than a Life of Shakespeare, but the study and research are none the less indispensable. You cannot make bread without flour, and not even Mr. Lytton Strachey can write biography without facts.

Archbishop Goodier claims to accept "all that the historians and scientists have positively to teach," but the word "positively" indicated that what he means is that he accepts from the historians only those facts which fit in with his own preconceived theories. Where the results of scientific research conflict with his theories, we have only the "negative" results of criticism.

Furthermore, the Archbishop speaks of growing weary of the endless controversy of historians and scientific students, "and of their attention to detail which is neither here nor there." But where the results of research are still undetermined, there is bound to be controversy, which only becomes embittered when people who claim to have some a priori illumination seek to obstruct and to discredit the task of research. And as for "detail," to ignore the value of this betrays a complete inability to understand the scholar's outlook; we are back at the standpoint of popular ignorance and prejudice. If the Archbishop were a Dante scholar, would he have any doubts of the value of detail? For the student there is no detail of which he would dare to say that it is "neither here nor there." The only detail which is negligible is that which is irrelevant; and of this there is plenty in the volumes before us. Hence, though they may edify, they will fail to instruct.

J. C. H.

MISCELLANEOUS MURDERERS

"Thou Shalt Do No Murder." By Arthur Lambton. Hurst and Blackett. 18s.

BRIEF accounts of some thirty cases involving murder, or the charge of it, have been collected in this volume. Although none of them adds anything to knowledge of criminology, the book as a whole may serve a useful purpose. Mr. Lambton may be right or wrong in his pleas for retention of capital punishment, but it would be surely difficult to con his calendar without arriving at an idea that our law on felonious homicide is crassly rigid.

In evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, a prison officer stated lately that he had met murderers who were "decent fellows." From some of these pages a similar impression can be gathered. Of all the criminals about whom he writes, the author avows his greatest sympathy to be with a Dr. Cross who, having long been "a model of propriety," poisoned his wife for the sake of marrying his children's governess. Even allowing for the fact that this individual dwelt in Ireland and had, therefore, no easy alternative of divorce, others may count him less worth compassion than several more who have paid the extreme penalty for killing while under feminine obsession. On virtually every ground, the crimes of Vaquier and Bywaters, to quote fairly recent cases, seem less revolting. But in all three instances, it is most likely that these men, save for a particular chain

of circumstances, would have lived and died without far exceeding the average of human misconduct.

On the other hand, Mr. Lambton recalls to memory various miscreants whose villainy was ingrained and, apparently, boundless. Whether Neil Cream was or was not certifiably mad is, of course, matter for discussion, though hardly worth debating. To-day, he would most likely be sent to join Ronald True in an asylum, whereas in the 'nineties he was sent straightway to the scaffold. As long as the career of an active diabolist is cut short, it may not matter much what the method taken. Smith, who drowned his "brides" to obtain their insurances or what not in the way of cash, was equally a pest to society. Were capital punishment abolished, it would be imperative that wretches of his type be kept in gaol permanently and not for the twenty years now reckoned as a "lifer." Until psychological research provides such cures for criminal tendencies as were practised in 'Erewhon,' it is manifest that certain persons ought never to be allowed at large. Burglars who kill incidentally to their ordinary occupation could hardly be released on this side of decrepitude. Political assassins, despite the chance that they may be posthumously acclaimed as heroes, are also awkward subjects for clemency. Sentiment prefers them to those who take life in private quarrels, but they happen to be more dangerous because more likely to repeat their offences.

Advocates of the present rigour of the law are, however, in a troublesome dilemma. If, after studying Mr. Lambton's grisly sketches, they still hold hanging to have been the due of Vaquier, Bywaters, and Cross, what do they consider would have been justice for Cream, if sane, or for Smith? Do they propose something with boiling oil in it? The law can, indeed, only be made intelligent if it is stretched one way or other. If it is not too harsh for those who may be called humane murderers, it must be a deal too lenient for sundry refined fiends and callous brutes. Moreover, there is a reference in this book to one crime which makes common murders seem venial. Not long ago a monster was put to penal servitude for maiming a little girl by severing her hands. If his sentence was adequate, might not a seaside holiday have been prescribed for half the malefactors executed in the past century? What sense is there in mumbling about a life for a life if we reject the other Mosaic maxims of eye for eye, and so forth?

EDUCATIONAL IDEALS

The New Education in Europe. By F. W. Roman. Routledge. 18s.

THIS is the second edition, revised, enlarged and reset, of a work published in 1923, and contains 438 pages as against 271 of the first edition. Chapters on Scandinavia, Austria, Italy and Soviet Russia (why not also Spain, Portugal and Greece?) have been added; but the concluding chapter, in which certain educational developments are compared, differs from the earlier publication only by the addition of a final section headed 'Is Optimism Justified?'

As before, the book opens with an attack on the English public school system, whose influence on all the other schools of this country is, however, admitted. One cannot admire the retention of the following ambiguous paragraph on page 89:

The writer interviewed men and women in responsible positions who stated that the war showed English soldiers that they were being ruled by many who were incompetent. Until then it was the upper classes, who had passed through the big public schools, that ruled England. The war brought this group into close contact with the ordinary soldier. The illusion of the public school product was displayed in clear light.

One presumes that by "this group" Ministers and Government servants are meant, but the fact is obscured that "the ordinary soldier," between 1914 and 1918, whether private or officer, was, as often as not, a public school boy.

In reading Dr. Roman one is continually reminded that his point of view is an American one. The business of teacher and pupil is, for him, "practical thinking in terms of the events that are happening in an actual world" (p. 156). He has no use for the classics, and none, apparently, for Shakespeare, since in two places occurs the phrase "at one fell stroke." He regards M. Léon Bérard's project of June, 1922—Latin compulsory for four years, Greek for two—as hostile to "progressive democracy"; and the reintroduction of Latin ("both Religion and Latin") for the Italian elementary teacher, by the action of Minister Gentile's reforms of 1923, seems little short of blasphemy in his eyes; it "gets the whole curriculum away from the sociological basis of education."

But he is no armchair theorist; he has accompanied school inspectors on their rounds, noted the French country children keeping cows and carrying golf clubs when they should be elsewhere; he has attended debates in the Reichstag, sat in the Folk High Schools of Denmark, and felt he was one of the "big family" that "apparently lives on the principle of sharing." He has pushed his enquiries in Moscow (where he learnt that in Siberia three thousand people were converted to Atheism in one week, and then converted back to Christianity and baptized the week after); and he can even say, after watching the co-operative exercises in the gymnasium of Manchester Grammar School, that the reason why England is great has dawned on him (p. 385).

That he sees the world *couleur de Genève*, as one vast non-alcoholic conversazione, where parents, no less than teachers, sit and learn beside the children, and there is neither ferula nor dais, is only to be expected. Those terrible words "corporal punishment" occur twice only in his volume (one instance is a quotation). Of the Realgymnasium in Vienna he writes, "Punishment was discarded. Everything was excused, except lying." He is happiest in Denmark, because Grundtvig anticipated Dewey and modern educators in pointing out that education is not a preparation for later life (p. 304). The learning of things is not material. What is vital is spiritual fellowship. Bricks without straw? He is aware, however, that in many countries the Continuation School may be an obstacle to the adolescent worker for a wage.

It is easy to smile at such a statement as:

The writer was impressed with the number of times a Danish teacher would reply to a question: "Oh, it really cannot be explained. It must be felt."

because one vaguely feels that such an answer might be given as a justification of the most anti-League-of-Nation behaviour. But these Danish pupils are over eighteen; for the Folk School encourages the idea that the ages fourteen to eighteen should pass without any specific school guidance: they are in a psychological seminar, and their practical training as ploughmen, joiners, etc., has already been undergone: at least, that was Grundtvig's notion, we are told.

Dr. Roman's book is stimulating just because he has recorded. It is quite true that Greek and Latin—in a word, Literature—do not help a being vastly to hold his or her own in a materialistic civilization, but it is equally difficult to see how spiritual fellowship, unaided by the power to turn pure knowledge to account, can help either. The product of communistic idealism will, like Margites, know many things and know them all badly.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE

Saxo Grammaticus, or First Aid for the Best-seller. By Ernest Weekley. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

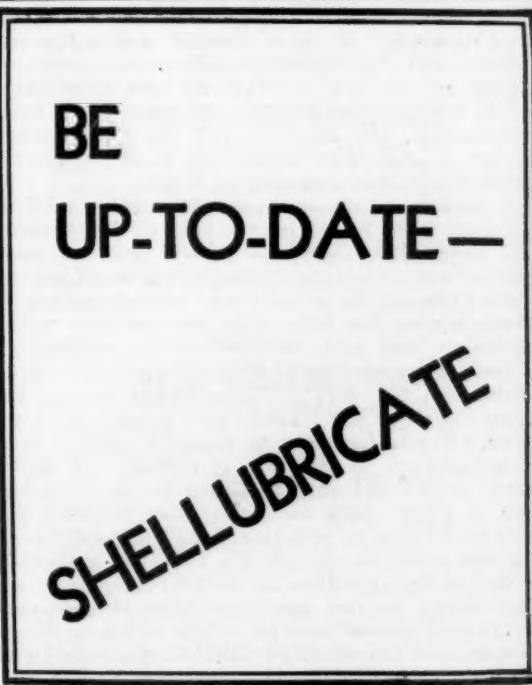
OVERS of English will turn with pleasure to this little book, for the author does not belong to the large band of teachers who are careful to separate instruction from amusement. He hardly ranks among the adventurous prophets of the "To-day and To-morrow" series, for he tells us little about the future. But he has collected a host of examples from writers and journalists of to-day to illustrate the slipshod and ungrammatical stuff which passes for English. He despairs of improvement, having come to the conclusion that:

To-day's English is bad, that To-morrow's English will be worse, and that The Day after To-morrow's will be so completely made safe for democracy as to realize Henry Braley's prophetic vision of "the tremendous revolution of creating a new literary language on the basis of the spoken tongue."

The fault seems chiefly to lie with indifferent proof-reading. Where are the good Readers to-day? Journalism is subject to hurry, which does not tend to accuracy, but why should books signed with popular names go forth to the world with errors which would disgrace a boy of intelligence with some turn for English? Have the publishers of these books no Readers? Apparently, when they are certain of their public, they are content to take a minimum of trouble. The last generation was more careful.

We refuse, however, to despair, because there has been during the last ten years quite a revival of books on English. Not all of them show Prof. Weekley's learning, but all suggest a standard that is worth recapture, and we do not suppose that publishers bring out books which nobody is going to read. There is also the influence of the Wireless, which does consider the claims of good English.

The mistakes neatly impaled by the Professor's pen appear daily in the Press, young women and sporting writers being the worst offenders. It is strange that by practice the daily writer does not improve. Everyone who writes wants to produce persuasive English, and clumsy practitioners should realize



the dictum of Job, "How forcible are right words"! Instead, they supply a devastating comment on the results of modern education, though their use of long words they do not understand might be defended as part of the universal desire for ornament. In view of the just demands of "Pencraft," claimed some years since by Sir William Watson in 'A Plea for the Older Ways,' we have sometimes thought that there might be a Commercial Dialect. It would be definitely regarded as such and openly separated from English as written and printed with a decent care for the idiom. The examples here provided by the drunken helots of language, unrecognized as such in a democratic State, make both useful and amusing reading, and a wise word is added on avoiding ambiguity. Samuel Butler did, as a matter of fact, take pains with revision, though the passage cited suggests that he did not. He writes ironically in the preface to 'Erewhon':

The art of writing things that shall sound right and yet be wrong has made so many reputations, and affords comfort to such a large number of readers, that I could not venture to neglect it.

Journalists are for the most part "prose labourers," as Warrington put it in 'Pendennis.' Fine prose has its subtle cadences, like poetry, but when the author writes, "The great prose writer is born, not made," we should prefer to say with Tennyson, "Nascitur et fit."

MISS SITWELL'S POPE

Alexander Pope. By Edith Sitwell. Faber and Faber. 15s.

THAT Miss Edith Sitwell should have come before us in her first full-length prose work as the champion of Pope is a matter for congratulation but not for surprise. So might Degas have championed a neglected Ingres. Far as she has gone from her originals, Miss Sitwell's art is none the less saturated in the spirit of the eighteenth century, and she might perhaps, though she does not actually do so, acclaim Pope her master. Her championship is wholehearted, she defends the man as vehemently as she lauds his work, and is as wittily unscrupulous when dealing with his detractors as even he could have desired. It is a cheerful and exhilarating experience to find admiration and sympathy expressed so warmly and unguardedly, and even if we cannot go all the way with her in her apology for Pope's tortuousness, she leaves us with the feeling that it is lack of generosity rather than superabundance of morality that keeps us lagging behind.

It may be, of course, that in her defence of Pope, the poet, Miss Sitwell is preaching to the converted. The nadir of his fame was reached long ago, somewhere, one imagines, in the 'seventies of the last century; to-day he is enthroned securely among the Immortals, as first in his kind, the poet who reached perfection and paid the price of his precision. It is well, however, that he should be publicly crowned again with the bays as Miss Sitwell crowns him. What of the man? There also defence in a way is superfluous, for those he wounded whether justly or unjustly are on their way to oblivion, and no one cares very much what happened to them, so long ago it seems. As for those who wounded him, who would dare to wish that Pope had gone through life unscathed, when half his claim to immortality is due to the retaliation he meted out to those who hurt him? Yet we would not have Miss Sitwell's indignation abated one jot. We will hate Pope's enemies and detractors as Miss Sitwell so evidently hates them; as, indeed, he hated them himself—with all the pleasure in life.

Miss Sitwell twice tells the story of Pope in his last days creeping painfully in the Twickenham lanes and being passed by a tradesman and his son. Said the boy, overcome with pity for one so small: "Oh, poor man!" to which his father replied: "That is not a poor man. That is the great and famous Mr. Alexander Pope." None may deny he was famous, and who will deny that he was great? But Miss Sitwell will have it that he was also good; and she is right. He was good; good and kind and generous. His faults were the faults of his bodily condition and the acute sensitiveness arising therefrom that made him the malicious enemy of those who slighted him. Among primitive peoples there are some who use the poisoned dart. They are as a rule kindly and friendly people, living in amity with their neighbours, but the dart is there. So it was with Pope: good son; faithful lover; staunch friend; good neighbour; but good hater, too, when occasion arose. "His principal fault," writes Miss Sitwell, "was that he suffered from a constitutional inhibition against speaking the truth, save on those occasions when, if we except the aesthetic point of view, the truth would have been better left unspoken." "But," she adds, "I have so often found both these faults in myself, that I do not dare to blame them," and leaves it to us to cast the first stone. Let those who have the heart for it cast away.

The major part of Miss Sitwell's study is devoted to Pope the man, to his friendships and his enmities. But there are also many acute references to his poetry, and one perfect chapter dealing with his treatment of the heroic couplet, in which its beauty and variety are demonstrated beyond a peradventure. The book, as a whole, is frankly partisan, but it is none the less a distinguished tribute to a great artist all the more agreeable for the fact that in the course of it, particularly in the quotations from Pope's work and in the brilliant rhapsody on the eighteenth century, which opens with a rainbow spate of words and phrases peculiar to the time, Miss Sitwell shows us, wittingly or unwittingly, whence has sprung some of her own most attractive work.

THE THREE-DECKER RETURNS?

Rogue Herries. By Hugh Walpole. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

M R. WALPOLE has here constructed a massive semi-historical novel. It is contained in a large—unnecessarily large—volume of more than seven hundred pages, complete with map and genealogical tree of the Herries family. The time is the eighteenth century. The place is mainly Mr. Walpole's beloved Lake District. The background of the tale shows bits of the tapestry of English history. We see something, for instance, of the rising of 1745 and the siege of Carlisle. But, well and closely woven as it is—even smelling a little, sometimes, of the lamp—this is only background for the dominating, masterful yet pitiful figure of Francis Herries, "Rogue" Herries, of the tale. If ever there was a man at war with himself . . .

Mr. Walpole has made Rogue Herries an appealing, rather likeable, if sometimes rather theatrical, figure. (It was a little theatrical and cheap to let him get his face slashed in a duel: but no doubt a scar, even a disfiguring scar, always adds romance to a romantic hero.) But it is the character of the man—and not such a bad character as he seemed, with all his rakishness—that matters, and makes the main interest of the story. Herries, like so many better and worse men, was a man at war with himself—as well as with most of the Herries tribe. He was like the cat that

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walked by itself : or, to vary the metaphor, he walked always with a black dog on his shoulder. Mr. Walpole, while sparing Herries nothing, showing him as unfaithful and indifferent husband, as unreasonable and harsh father, makes us realize the man's unhappiness, his reaching out for something, some ideal, he did not know what, which all his lawlessness could not get for him.

Out of his own family he gets some comfort from his son David, a proper Herries, if a less temperamental one than his father. But the greatest influence in his life is his love, his craving, for Mirabell Starr, child of a pedlar. She is young enough to be his daughter, but she becomes his wife—after her more youthful lover has been killed. Mr. Walpole, I think, does not quite make us realize this red-headed girl's attraction, for Herries or anyone else. But Herries, in his likes and dislikes, is accountable to no one, as he is inexplicable even to himself in his search for —what? As he asked Mirabell—with a rather nice literary turn of phrase :

What's my question been? I don't know myself. That's the odd thing. I don't know either the question or the answer. I puzzle my head sometimes till it breaks. Yes, breaks. Splits like a fig. Then I think the answer will be in there. It must be. That's the thing that spins round and asks all the questions. But if it has the questions then it must have the answers too. These questions . . . 'Tis the mystery plagues me, Mirabell, the oddity, grotesque like a map of China, bits here and there, offal and star dust together. That's why I stare and stare, looking at a hill or a tree or a lump of this rotten soil, for the secret may be in any place, and by a hair's breadth of laziness we may have missed it. The Herries have always been like that, one mystery-monger and the rest good sober citizens.

But even in marriage to Mirabell there is for him no contentment. He cannot win her love, only gratitude. The situation between these two, each trying to please the other, each ready to make sacrifices, is finely done. Mirabell makes the greater sacrifice. She goes away, believing that her absence will be less tormenting than her presence. Long after she comes back, to an old, old man. . . .

Herries is never more appealing than in these last pages. Mr. Walpole has made of the rake, in his old age, a fine and memorable and pathetic portrait. And if some of the other portraits, of David, of his sister, of her husband, to name only two or three characters in a crowded tale, and their background sometimes seem a little laboured, they have very obviously been a labour of love.

CALF LOVE

The Love-Diary of a Boy. By Shaw Desmond. Toulmin. 8s. 6d.

Of course, it was calf love; and the course of calf love always does run a little in the comic vein. Some of the entries in this diary are simply delicious in their naïveté. Like most diaries purporting to be genuine, this one sets us speculating how much it has been touched up for print. Mr. Desmond says it has been based on authentic documents : and the authenticity of much of it cannot be doubted. It is only here and there that Christopher Lowe's reflections—especially his more mature reflections, at the age of eighteen or so—on life, love, women and religion, smell slightly of the lamp, and suggest that they have been subjected to a little literary—and rather too literary—titivation.

Sex, love and religion are the dominant notes of the diary. A girl called Mary was the main object of calf love and adoration, though there were moments of fascination elsewhere—just as there were leanings towards, even declaration of conversion to, Primitive Methodism. Chris seems to have had more than

his share of adolescent obsessions with sex curiosities and urges, and was never reluctant to confide them to his diary. It was in the early days of his residence in London and separation from Mary that he fell victim to a more worldly charmer. And the diary was told all about it:

June 2nd. What I can't make out about girls is that I have two exactly opposite feelings about them. Yesterday I saw a perfectly lovely and divine creature in a picture, called Miss or Mrs. Lily Langtry, who though she is a wicked actress, I almost fell in love with it. (Not quite, for all true love must be spiritual and my love for Mrs. Langtry was the same as my love for the wicked woman in the picture on the tin cigarette box lid, which I have—that is a fleshy love, whereas true love has nothing to do with the flesh)

She had a magnificent bunch of hair coiled low at the back of her neck in the Grecian way that I love and she had a long smooth, but bulging figure with lovely bosoms and a graceful swelling behind—and a woman who has not got those is no woman. And it is a dirty shame that such things should be associated with wickedness. They ought to be appurtenances of virtue.

But this lovely creature (even though she is an actress) I wanted to either preach to until I and she was black in the face to save her from the pit towards which she is hurrying, or to help to hurry with her towards the pit—for I longed most terribly to be wicked with her and to be like her.

June 4th. Still troubled much by Lily Langtry.

That would seem to be genuine enough. We have all gone through the agonies of heroine (even picture postcard heroine) worship. But the very next entry, written on a Bank Holiday, not far from Epping Forest, makes one a little doubtful. "I hate all costers and especially their white-faced, uric acid donahs" Chris confided to his diary. Why "uric acid donahs"? A curious piece of description to come from a boy who was not even a medical student.

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There is a more truthful ring about a passing comment on a Mrs. Long, in Ireland, who "was once the great local beauty but whose inside is now destroyed and stained with drinking strong tea the whole day through."

But perhaps one is being unjust to Chris in doubting whether all the entries in his diary really belong to their dates. Youth can so easily jump from the sublime to the ridiculous, from the spiritual to the purely physical. Perhaps it was the same hand that recorded "a long talk with God to-day on the banks of the Blackwater, but it was a most unsatisfactory interview," that also wrote, apropos a surfeit of pig's head, "And soup I loathe and feel always that people who like soup are unspiritual. Also it is an awful waste of good room." Even such a materialist might have his rather sickly fancies about Moon Children—perhaps born of the combined influences of love and soup.

THE SQUIRE AS A GLOBE-TROTTER

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By the late H. J. Elwes. Edited by E. G. Hawke. Benn. 21s.

ALTHOUGH unpretentious and even shapeless in plan, this rather solid and unprepossessing volume contains a lot of good stuff. Without ever being wildly exciting, it describes the many interesting experiences of a well-to-do Victorian squire from the Cotswolds who was able to spend a large part of his active life in travelling to out-of-the-way parts of the world after plants, birds and insects.

Starting with the remark that he is impelled to put down his recollections by the pleasure which it has given him to read many similar accounts of others, he is bound by no framework, and is able to move on from the Hebrides and Turkey to India, Tibet, Canada, Central Asia, the Alps, Norway, Belgium, Bulgaria, Chile, Malay, Java, Formosa, Nepal and finally back to the Cotswolds, always paying more attention to the country and its travelling conditions, sport, trees and natural products than to personal gossip, but never forgetting to be human. Elwes, in fact, possessed in a rather heightened degree most of the virtues and failings of his rapidly vanishing type. His chief contribution to ornithology seems to have been his early work in helping, as an insatiable collector, towards the extermination of such fine birds as the white-tailed eagle and osprey, now lost to Britain as a result of such selfish plunder, and only an occasional field-note is of interest. Much more valuable are his many accurate measurements and descriptions of trees in all parts of the world; in Formosa he saw one of 162 feet with a 60-foot girth, and in Malay a *Dyera* of 175 feet—he mentions others of up to 240 feet. His data concerning game are also of interest in view of the International Hunters' Exhibition this year. It is curious that the title of the British Ornithologists' Union, of which Elwes was at one time President, should be given wrongly both on the title-page and in an Appendix.

THE SCIENCE OF POLITICS

A Study of the Principles of Politics. By George E. G. Catlin. Allen and Unwin. 18s.

ONE often hears it said, even by professional exponents of the subject, that political science is neither political nor scientific. Although Professor Catlin agrees that it is much more than merely political—he deals with Society rather than with States—he does not agree that it is inherently unscientific. It is the fundamental proposition of this large and

learned volume that out of the study of political science may be evolved real laws which will enable the subject to become, in the words of Mr. Shaw, "the science by which alone civilization can be saved." This, to those of us who have been brought up to consider Seeley quite out of date, is an original notion indeed, for it is based upon the assumption that like situations recur and that "human nature is always the same." But Professor Catlin argues so earnestly, and brings up in his net such an abundance of varied knowledge, that one cannot do other than attend to him. To dismiss him because what he says seems unsound on the face of it is to be condemned as one of the worst die-hards.

Everything depends, of course, upon what one understands by laws, and Professor Catlin clears the way by saying, very reasonably, that one must not expect a scientific law to enable one to predict the future absolutely. One can only hope to say that if such a type of thing happens, then such another type of thing will happen. If one is to read order into the chaos of facts, one must imitate the scientists by adopting a working hypothesis which is unexceptional so long as it justifies itself pragmatically. The axioms with which Professor Catlin starts are that men desire to have their own way and that they cannot avoid living together, and on this basis he examines the essentials of society in the second part of his volume. He admits that highly complex situations may arise to defy the political scientist, but observes significantly that chemistry is not futile simply because most chemists would be unable to give a complete analysis of the commonest lump of clay. It cannot be denied that a very good case is made out for a really scientific political science, and Professor Catlin's book, if a little difficult for the uninitiated, marks an epoch in the history of a most important modern study.

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NOTES FOR COLLECTORS

THE majority of art dealers are experiencing a temporary depression which, while it is certainly disturbing, is at the same time likely to be of only a short duration. Here, then, is an excellent opportunity for collectors to acquire valuable pieces at forward prices, not only as additions to their collections but also to increase their stock for re-sale. A depression in market values is always the time for investors to put their money into circulation. Discriminating purchasers should pay every attention to the numerous art galleries and show-rooms, for the opportunity of picking up valuable pieces has been more pronounced than for months past, and a careful investment now is likely to prove that the value of all works of merit shows substantial increases and good profit on sales affected.

Fashions in collecting are known to fluctuate, although not, perhaps, as widely as some collectors seem to think, and a tour of the sale-rooms will give definite proof that pieces "in fashion" are not fetching the expected prices. The same principle applies to the dealers, who have been forced to make sacrifices that at other times would not be necessary. The supply of really valuable works of art handled by the dealers is increasing almost daily, resulting in low prices, and thus affording collectors with any foresight splendid opportunity for profitable investment. The supply is merely waiting on the demand.

In our 'Notes for Collectors' in the issue of March 8 we remarked upon the present competition in old silver, pieces earlier than 1715 fetching almost any price, and the prevailing fashion for "period" rooms. In view, then, of this concentration by the big collectors on private sales and sale-rooms the dealers have been somewhat neglected. Here the question arises as to whether the dealers are holding pieces of any value that are likely to be in vogue in the near future. A careful study of advertisements and shop windows affords ample proof that a quick profit is likely to be made in water-colours, prints and old masters.

The sale and purchase of works of art from the dealers' point of view is always a vexed and fluctuating speculation, and while they pay careful attention to their supply and the tendencies of the market, they are of necessity bound, within certain limits dependent upon the purchaser, by the demand.

Chinese porcelain is at present fetching good prices. At the sale on Wednesday of Mr. Marcus D. Ezekiel's collection, which included, among other things, a Kang-He tea-pot and enamelled cover, a *famille-verte* bottle and a Ming saucer dish, competition was very strong. The sale of the entire collection, which was held at Messrs. Christie's, realized a total figure of £5,221.

Other sales of the week included a collection of modern etchings for a total of £2,533 and for some very high prices for first editions. A first issue of Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass' went to a New York collector for £515, and something in the neighbourhood of £400 was paid by Mr. Frank Hollings for three volumes of Charlotte Brontë's 'Jane Eyre.'

SHORTER NOTICES

The Infidel Emperor and His Struggles against the Pope. By P. Weigler. Routledge. 16s.

THIS "Chronicle of the Thirteenth Century" tells the story of Frederick II, the *stupor mundi*, in the picturesque style which has been evolved in recent years, with short allusive sentences, and a constant parade of recondite learning. This is a fair specimen of Herr Weigler's style, as translated by Mr. B. W. Downs: "In the middle of the

market-place of Palermo the hangman nailed a red-hot crown to the Norman's skull and, as he reared, the circle of flames wound about him, discharging girandoles." Considering the thousands of Italian and French names that have passed through German into English the translator has been fortunate that most of them are recognizable, and the author's attempt to find unusual equivalents for common words has been well supported by him—the Crown of Thorns becomes "the crown of prickly furze"; but we are left wondering how many readers not previously well read in the history of the thirteenth century will get any connected idea from this book, or indeed will have any notion of what he is talking. The best feature of the book is the way in which it is illustrated.

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Solution of Acrostic No. 416

R ocking-hors	E	¹ The C.O.D. says that the Wryneck is "able to turn head over shoulder," —a wonderful feat, truly! The Imperial Dictionary says it is "so called from the singular manner in which, when surprised, it turns its head over its shoulders." The fact is that the Wryneck has the habit of perching at the top of a tree and writhing or twisting its head about, probably to excite the admiration of the females of its species. Fabre says that the Wryneck gorges itself with ants to such an extent that it "becomes disgracefully fat in Autumn; he plasters himself with butter on his rump and sides and under his wings; he hangs a string of it round his neck; he pads his skull with it right down to the beak. He is then delicious, roasted... immeasurably superior to the Pheasant." (<i>The Life of the Grasshopper</i> , p. 130).
cO ll	Ar	² See Sir Walter Scott's <i>Monastery</i> .
B atte	R	
E dge-too	L	
R i	O	
T if	F	
W ryne	Ck ¹	
A ftermat	H	
L un	A	
P salmis	T	
O stric	H	
L am	A	
E uphuis	M ²	

ACROSTIC No. 416.—The winner is "Carlton," Viscount Doneraile, 91 Victoria Street, S.W.1, who has selected as his prize 'Lorenzo the Magnificent,' by David Loth, published by Routledge and reviewed by us on March 8 under the title 'Il Magnifico.' Twenty-six other competitors named this book, forty-six chose 'Kristin Lavransdatter,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Armadale, Barberry, Bolo, Boote, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Miss Carter, Ceyx, Chailey, J. Chambers, Chip, Clam, Dhault, M. East, C. W. S. Ellis, Falcon, Fossil, G. M. Fowler, Glamis, D. L. Haldane-Porter, T. Hartland, Iago, James, Jeff, Mrs. Lole, J. F. Maxwell, Met, George W. Miller, Miss Moore, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Rand, Shorwell, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Stucco, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Willoughby.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Aron, E. Barrett, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Lionel Cresswell, J. R. Cripps, Mrs.

Alice Crooke, D. L., Dolmar, Ursula D'Ot, R. J. Fletcher, Cyril E. Ford, Gay, Mrs. Greene, Jop, Lilian, Martha, A. M. W. Maxwell, Mrs. Milne, K. Moloney, Lady Mottram, F. M. Petty, Quis, Robin, Robinsky, Spyella, Thora, Capt. W. R. Wolsey, W. P. J.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Mrs. J. Butler, Bertram R. Carter, John Coope, Coque, Maud Crowther, Madge, Mrs. A. Lyton Sells.

LIGHT 4 baffled 25 solvers; Light 13, 11; Light 7, 7; Light 1, 6; Light 3, 3; Light 10, 2. Jop omitted Light 13.

For Light 12 *Lhassa* is accepted, also *llama*, though this is undoubtedly a misspelling; the Spanish *ll* belongs to the Peruvian beast of burden, while *lama* signifies a Tibetan priest.

LIGHT 13.—Several solvers make the common mistake of confusing *Euphism*, "an artificial or affected style of writing," with *Euphemism*, "substitution of a mild or vague expression for a harsh or blunt one."

JOP.—In view of your explanation I accept *Abaddon*; I should not have rejected it if I had had any books of reference at hand. (Will Miss Carter, Mrs. Alice Crooke, Mrs. Greene and Shorwell please note.) Thanks for information about the rose of Sharon. I see that the Vulgate has *flos campi*, and the Septuagint *anthos ton pediou*. Dr. Segond renders the Hebrew phrase *un narcisse de Saron*.

ACROSTIC NO. 415.—The winner is "Fossil," Mr. George Fairholme, 80 Drayton Gardens, S.W.10, who has selected as his prize 'Twenty Thousand Miles in a Flying-Boat,' by Sir Alan Cobham, published by Harrap and reviewed by us on March 1. Four other competitors named this book, thirty-two named 'Adventure,' nine 'Adam and Evelyn at Kew,' nine 'Travels in the Congo,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Armadale, Barberry, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Boote, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Buns, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Miss Carter, Ceyx, Chailey, Chip, Clam, Coque, J. R. Cripps, Maud Crowther, Dhault, M. East, T. Hartland, H. Gill, Iago, Jop, Lilian, Madge, A. M. W. Maxwell, Miss Moore, St. Ives, N. O. Sellam, J. E. Sells, Shorwell, Sisyphus, Stucco, Tyro, C. J. Warden, Willoughby, H. C. M.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Aron, E. Barrett, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, J. Chambers, Dolmar, G. M. Fowler, Gay, Mrs. Greene, D. L. Haldane-Porter, James, Jeff, Mrs. Lole, Margaret, Met, G. W. Miller, Peter, F. M. Petty, Rand, Robin, H. M. Vaughan, Capt. W. R. Wolsey.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—D. L., Bertram R. Carter, Lionel Cresswell, Mrs. Alice Crooke, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, Miss Kelly, Martha, J. F. Maxwell, Mrs. Milne, Lady Mottram, Polamar, Rangitiki. All others more.

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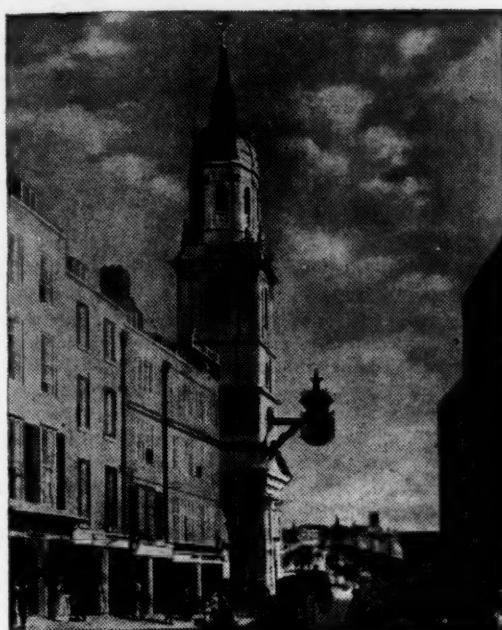
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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE outstanding feature of late on the Stock Exchange has been provided by the substantial rises in the prices of gilt-edged securities. This movement was foreshadowed in these notes at the beginning of the year and has caused no surprise, but is none the less welcome. We appear to be in for a period of cheap money, and, as there are many who believe that before the end of the summer the Bank Rate will be down to 3 per cent., there is no reason to assume that the upward movement in gilt-edged securities will not continue. There will be reactions, and as Budget day approaches a less confident tendency may be discernible, but it would appear reasonable to foreshadow that the general trend of this market will continue upward for some months. In view of the fact that for so many months there has been nothing to relieve Stock Exchange depression, the present strength of the gilt-edged market is a particularly welcome change. It is felt that confidence is being re-established in the right direction, and that the demand for gilt-edged stocks is likely to spread to the first-class fixed interest investments, then to Home Railway securities, and so on to selective Industrials. Whether in suggesting a general improvement one is being too optimistic, the future will tell, but one can record a far more confident undertone, and the strong belief that the worst has been seen.

THOMAS TILLING

Shareholders in Thomas Tilling, the well-known road transport contractors, may justly feel disappointed that their directors have not seen fit to increase their final dividend. At the same time, they should be very satisfied with the strong position of the company as indicated by the recently issued report. Unfortunately, the balance sheet is not an informative one. Investments at or below cost in allied companies are shown at £1,007,985, from which figure it is impossible to estimate the present value, particularly in view of the fact that in the profit and loss account the net trading profit and income on investments, less depreciation, management, remuneration, and taxation, are shown in one item. It is felt that the directors of Thomas Tilling adopted a very conservative policy in the matter of valuing their investments, and making allowance for depreciation, just as they do in the distribution of dividends, which can be appreciated by the fact that earnings on the ordinary shares for 1929 were equivalent to approximately 40 per cent., while only 20 per cent. was distributed, and, further, from the fact that the company holds no less than £645,741 in investment stocks, presumably outside their own business, which compares with an issued ordinary share capital of £527,350. Although the yield on Thomas Tilling shares is small, it is suggested that they are a very promising investment for future capital appreciation.

BRITISH ENKA

A further example of the difficulties encountered in the Rayon industry is provided by the report of the British Enka Artificial Silk Company for 1929, which discloses a working loss of £69,655, which is increased to a total loss of £157,275 when allowance is made for debenture interest and depreciation.

The British Enka Company, in addition to having to face selling their product at falling prices owing to general conditions in the industry, have also had troubles of their own in the direction of technical difficulties in one of their factories. The company so far has proved particularly disappointing, and holders are unfortunate in seeing their shares standing at a quotation of a few shillings. At the same time, it is felt that this company should have prospects in the future of justifying the optimism expressed by those closely connected with the company when dealings started in its shares in 1928. Its management is in first-class hands, and, despite past disappointments, shareholders should not give up hope of the company eventually making good.

INTERNATIONAL PAINT

The Report of the International Paint and Composition Company Limited discloses a very satisfactory position. Shareholders are to receive a final dividend of 7 per cent., making 10 per cent. for the year, as compared with 9 per cent. for 1928, which increase of dividend is payable on 522,500 £1 ordinary shares, which compares with an issued ordinary share capital of 412,500 shares in 1928. A conservatively sound financial policy is being adopted in building up substantial reserves. Although at the present price these shares show only a modest yield, they appear an attractive industrial investment suitable for those who prefer capital appreciation in the future to immediate high yields.

TIN

It is significant to note that despite the fact that the price of tin has remained at so low a level for such an extended period, the prices of first-class tin producing companies' shares have not depreciated to the extent that might have been expected. This is probably due to the fact that it is generally believed that in the course of the next few months, when the effect of the Tin Producers' Association restriction scheme is felt, the price of the metal should be standing at a materially higher level than that ruling today. In these circumstances, the moment appears an opportune one, for those justified in taking the speculative risk involved, to acquire shares in really first-class Malayan tin producing companies.

SHARE PUSHERS

Although business on the Stock Exchange has been at so low an ebb for some months, it would appear that small investors throughout the country have considerable sums for investment, and are, unfortunately, not profiting by past experiences, in that they are believed to be acquiring shares in large quantities as the result of circulars and telegrams that are being issued by outside share-pushers. In view of the wide publicity that has been given during the last year or two to the dangers of entering into financial transactions with these undesirable share dealers, it is truly amazing that there are so many members of the public still gullible enough to accept investment invitations they receive from absolutely unknown sources. The fact that those concerned are able to spend such very considerable sums on telegrams and circulars indicates the richness of their harvest. In view of the activity that is known to be progressing in this direction, the moment appears an opportune one to issue a word of warning.

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Personal

LAST November we were asked to assist a family. Husband in hospital for several months but sent home suffering from incurable disease and died beginning of this month. Widow hopes soon to get work to support two children (15 and 6), but is not yet fit to seek a post. They now have only the one child's earnings to live upon. Gifts for assistance meanwhile to Preb. Carlile, "Special Cases," The Church Army, 55 Bryanston St., W.1.

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'Saturday Review' Acrostics : 22.3.1930

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THE SOCIETY OF INCORPORATED ACCOUNTANTS AND AUDITORS

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